

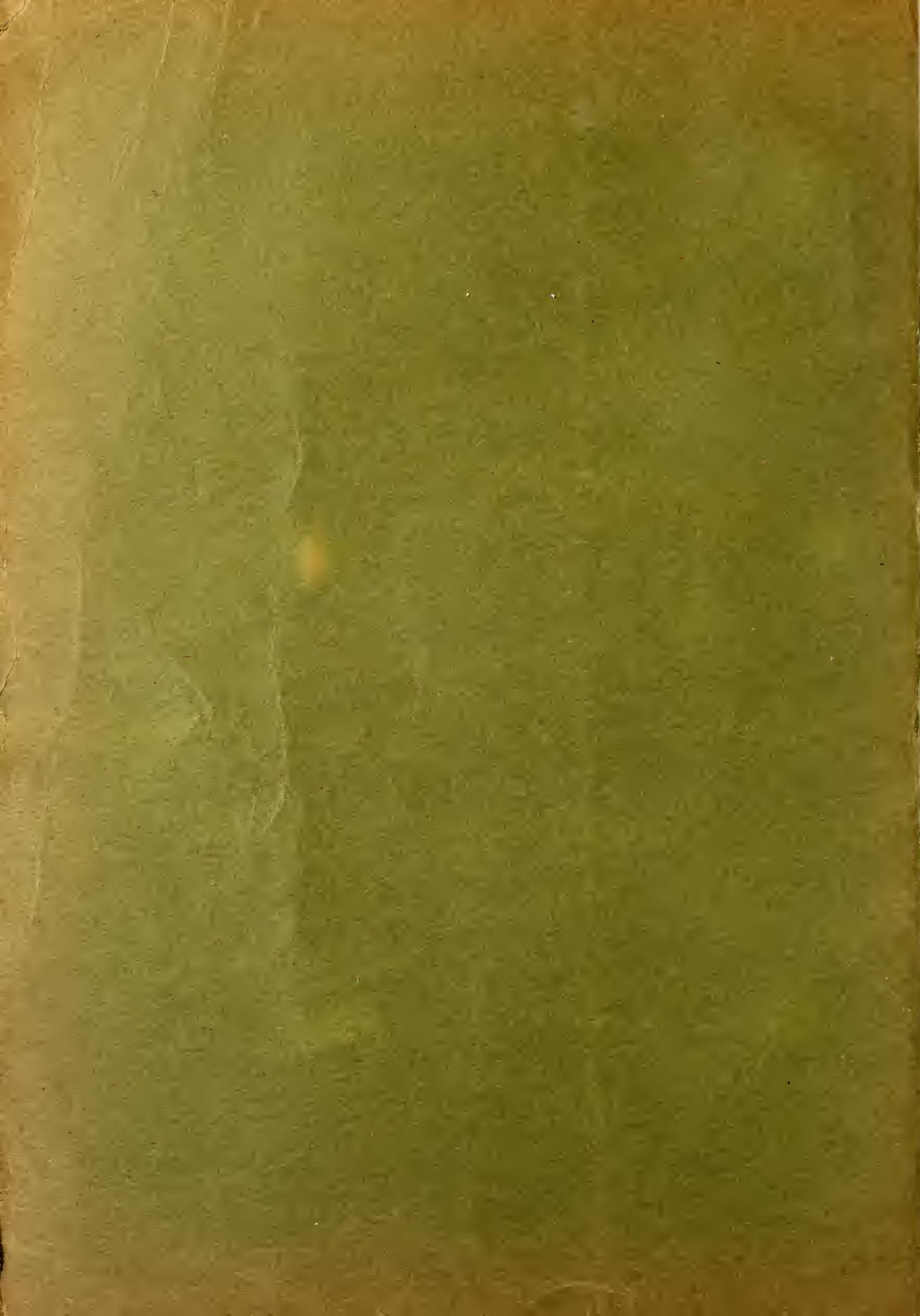
MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL



INDIANAPOLIS
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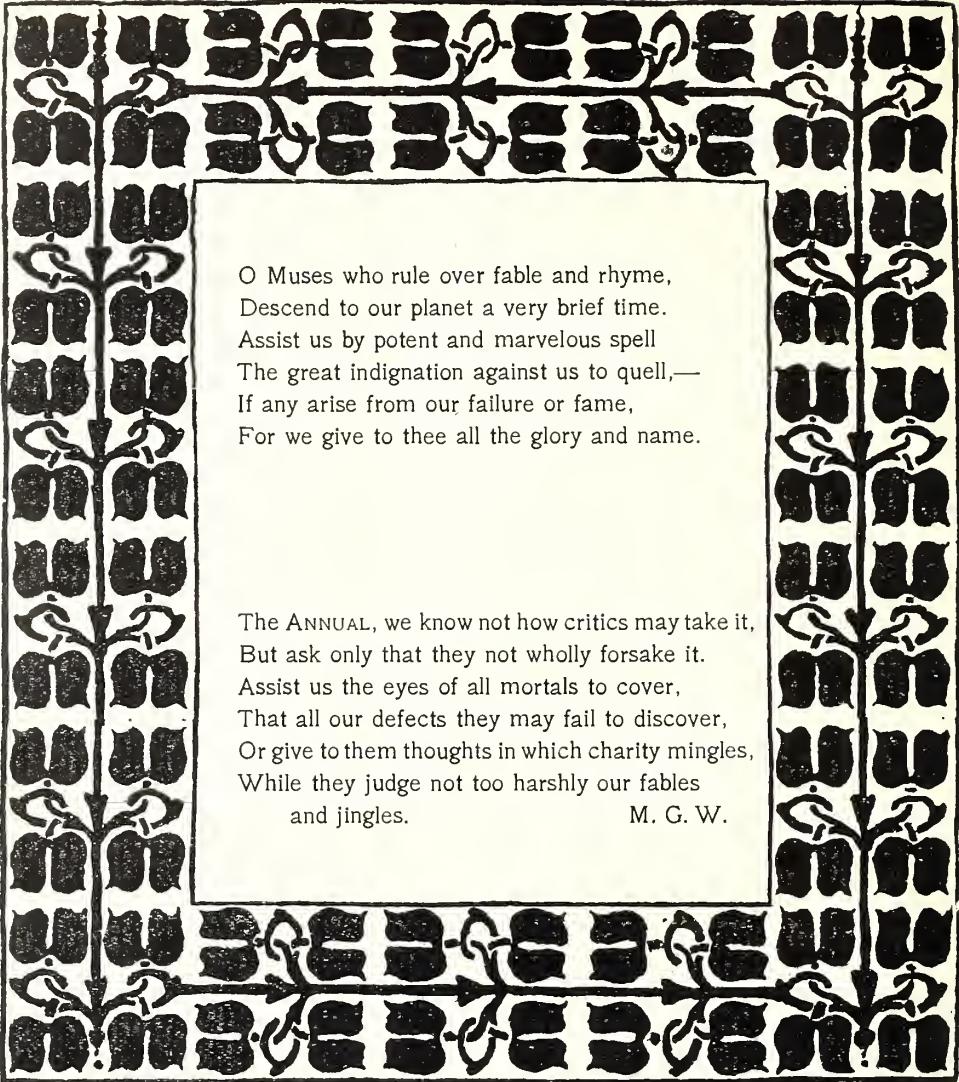
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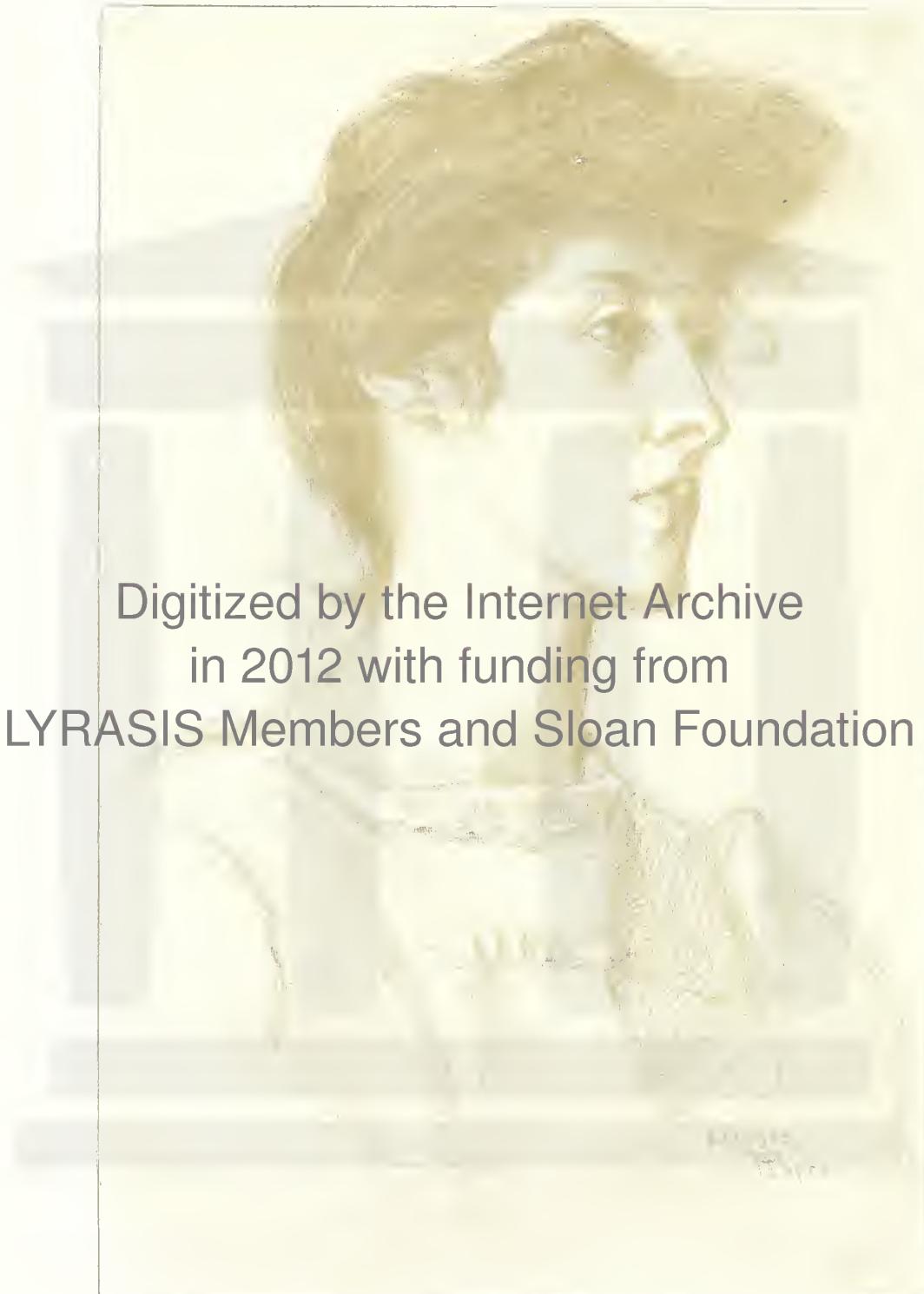
O Muses who rule over fable and rhyme,
Descend to our planet a very brief time.
Assist us by potent and marvelous spell
The great indignation against us to quell,—
If any arise from our failure or fame,
For we give to thee all the glory and name.

The ANNUAL, we know not how critics may take it,
But ask only that they not wholly forsake it.
Assist us the eyes of all mortals to cover,
That all our defects they may fail to discover,
Or give to them thoughts in which charity minglest,
While they judge not too harshly our fables
and jingles.

M. G. W.

MANUAL
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ANNUAL
MAY 1900

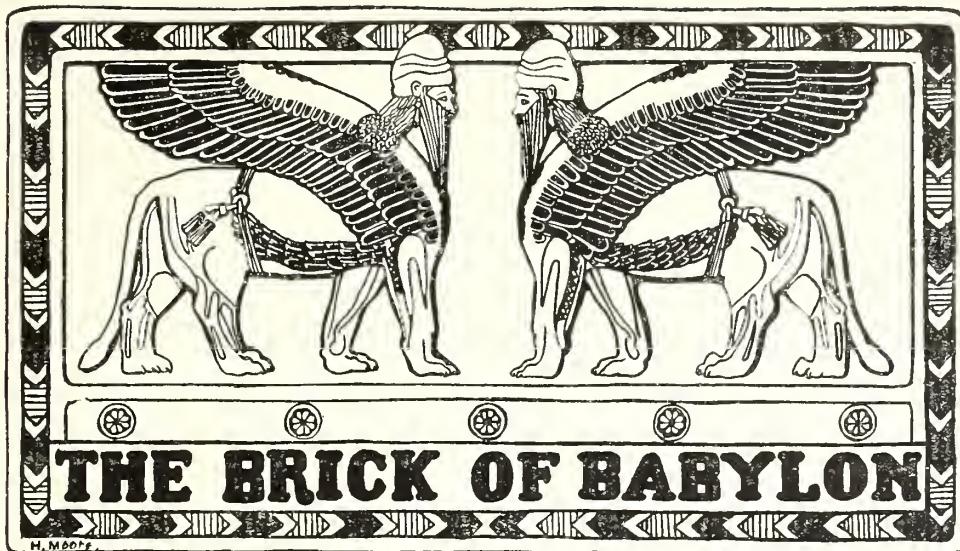




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THE SPIRIT OF THE WAR



The great king of Babylon was angry. Here he was in the apartment of a wretched dependent, a mere filthy worm. A scribe who made clay bricks and marked strange characters thereon with a sharpened reed was due. And the scribe—the underling—was not at his post. The king was impatient. "Go seek him," he said to his servants, and they went forth.

The king had many things to think of—of wars, of his army, of affairs of state. But this strange sickness that had newly come upon him made him irritable and peevish. There! he felt it now; a dizziness, a sinking as into some great void. A severing as of body and soul, and then a great blackness. The king reeled and fell. A great level surface of wet clay, ready for the hand of the scribe, received him. The jewel about his neck broke its fastening and fell, hiding itself in the damp earth beside him.

When light broke upon the king the scribe stood before him. The king felt the dangling chain about his neck and missed the jewel. His eyes met those of the writer of records. The man cowered and trembled. "He is a thief!" cried the king; "bind him." And they bound him and led him forth. The prisoner dared not speak.



Two who watched at the gate of the mighty one were whispering. Said the first: "Heard you of the scribe? He stole the king's jewel. The loss is great. The man says he is innocent. The jewel can not be found. It was a great ruby, cunningly wrought, and with a winged lion carved thereon." Merciful and tender was the king, and these were his words: "Let clay be brought to my servant, and let him write thereon his crime and his punishment. He has heard me speak."

And he who was to die did all this. Then they thrust out his eyes with hot irons. They cut off his ears. And his tongue they pulled out, lest he should murmur in his ingratitude. At noon he died quickly by fire.

So the scribe died and was forgotten. And after a little the king died. And they whom he had feared in life swept down on his people, as the wind on dry leaves in autumn. The city crumbled and the sands of the desert covered it. And after a while even its memory went from the hearts of men. But down in the rubbish lay the brick, with the impress of the scribe still upon it.



A man with iron-gray hair, a pair of bright eyes, and intellectual face, was attracted by the noise of the crowd. He entered the place.

“A genuine brick of Babylon! Going, going,—for five dollars!”

“Ten dollars!” quickly bid the stranger. “Going, going,—sold to the gentleman for ten dollars. A genuine brick of Babylon!”

That night the professor examined his purchase. “A treasure,” he said. “Three thousand years old if a day.” And he bent nearer to read the inscription.

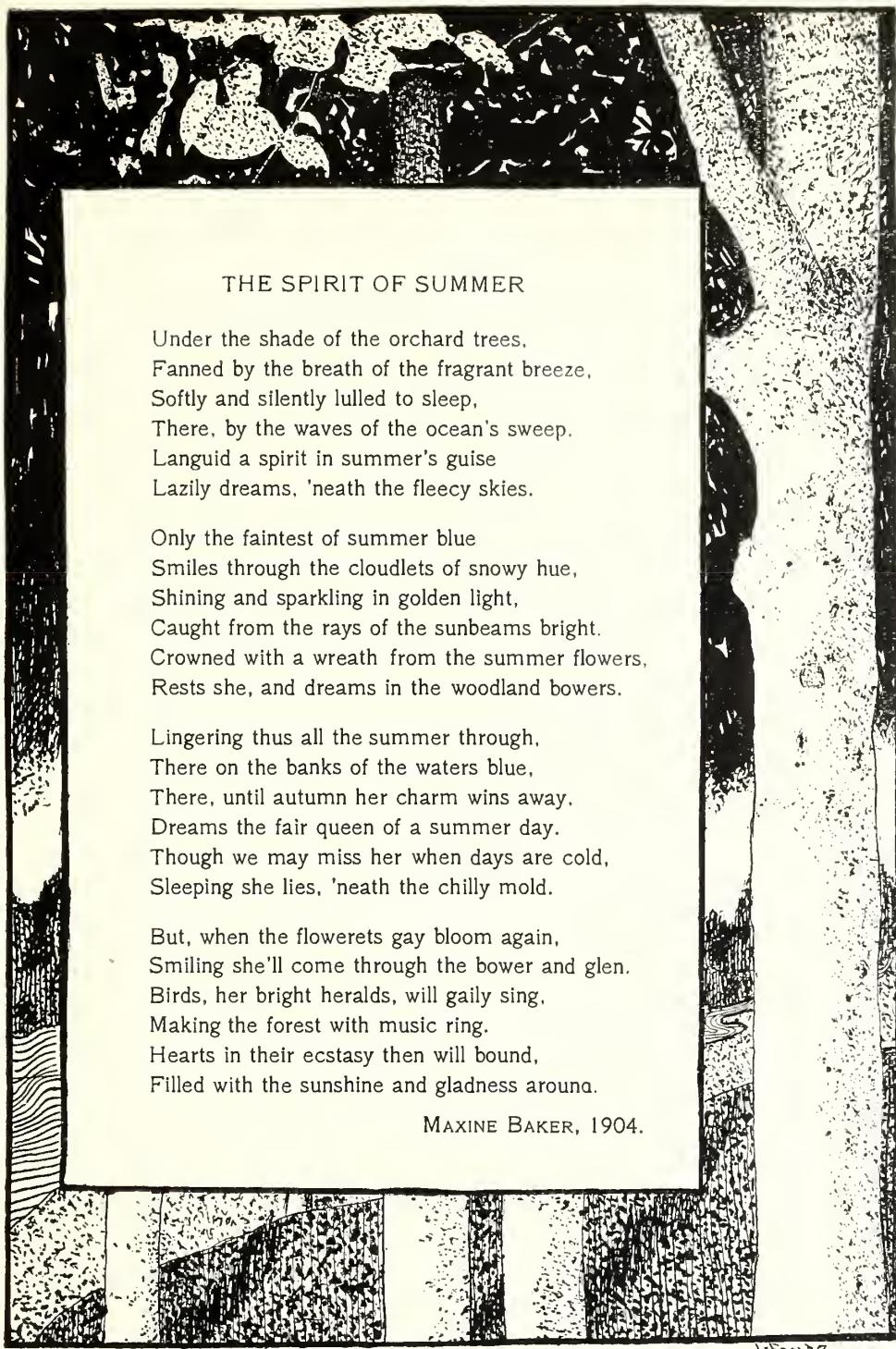
“The crime and sentence of the scribe of the great king.” In his eagerness the Professor’s hands trembled. The brick fell to the floor and was shattered. Something rolled under the table. He groped for it. It was not a fragment of the brick. He held it to the light. It was a great ruby, cunningly wrought, and with a winged lion carven thereon.

ANDREW WYLIE, 1900.



There was a young man from Dundee,
Who went on a terrible spree;
He opened the latch
With a lucifer match,
And lit the hall gas with his key.

WILL SCOTT, 1900.



THE SPIRIT OF SUMMER

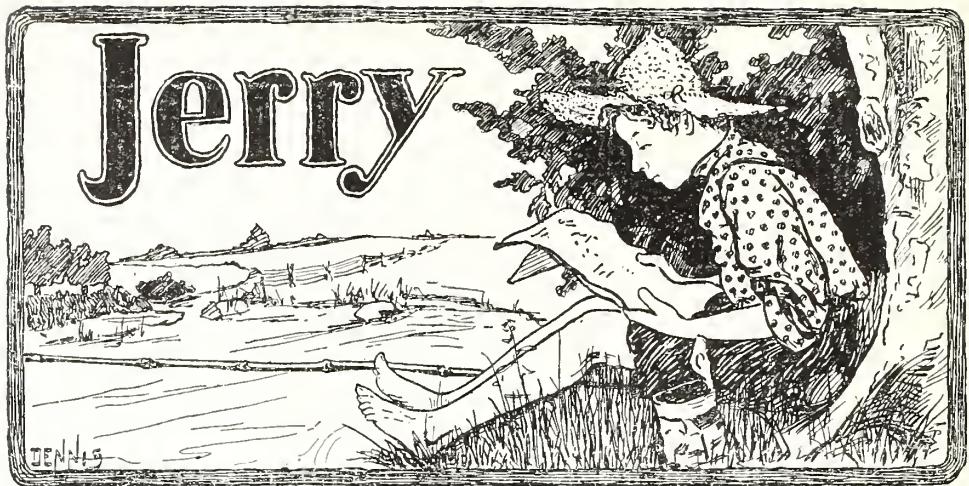
Under the shade of the orchard trees,
Fanned by the breath of the fragrant breeze,
Softly and silently lulled to sleep,
There, by the waves of the ocean's sweep.
Languid a spirit in summer's guise
Lazily dreams, 'neath the fleecy skies.

Only the faintest of summer blue
Smiles through the cloudlets of snowy hue,
Shining and sparkling in golden light,
Caught from the rays of the sunbeams bright.
Crowned with a wreath from the summer flowers,
Rests she, and dreams in the woodland bowers.

Lingering thus all the summer through,
There on the banks of the waters blue,
There, until autumn her charm wins away,
Dreams the fair queen of a summer day.
Though we may miss her when days are cold,
Sleeping she lies, 'neath the chilly mold.

But, when the flowerets gay bloom again,
Smiling she'll come through the bower and glen.
Birds, her bright heralds, will gaily sing,
Making the forest with music ring.
Hearts in their ecstasy then will bound,
Filled with the sunshine and gladness around.

MAXINE BAKER, 1904.



He was not an attractive child, far from it. His face was covered with freckles and his light blue eyes were half hidden by a mass of tousled yellow hair. His pants, ragged and brown with age, were fastened to his one suspender by a nail, skillfully inserted into the button-hole. His shirt was open at the top, showing his neck, tanned by exposure to the sun and wind. He was sitting on the bank of a small stream, his rod in his hand, but his thoughts were far away from fishing.

Soon he took off his battered straw hat and drew from beneath the lining a piece of paper soiled by much handling. This was the cause of Jerry's thoughtful mood. Unfolding it, he read, not for the first time, the description of the "magnificent production" to be seen on the next day. "And just to think, I haven't a cent," he said to himself. "And it says here that there'll be clowns and trick ponies and elephants and everything. And the worst of it is, all the boys will go and I won't hear anything but circus for a month after. And they will have shows in all the barns, and I'll just have to be out of it all."

"Jerry, come on quick, we're going over to Harry's to talk about the show." Jerry hid the paper quickly and said, "I'm not going to the circus. Everybody says the're just the same thing every year." Tom gave a long whistle. "Well, you bet I'm going. I got my quarter with me now, and all us fellers are going down tonight to get our tickets. Well, good-bye, if you won't come along."

Left to himself, Jerry almost gave up to his sorrow, but soon his sense of humor prevailed. "Say, that was a whopper I told him about not wanting to go." Suddenly, his eye lighted on a shining piece of something about a yard from him. As he reached over his face brightened for an instant, and then grew serious. It was Tom's quarter. He look round fearfully. Nothing to be seen or heard except the noise of the water splashing over the stones. He picked up the money and brushed it clean with his ragged coat sleeve. "Now, we'll see if Tom will crow so much," he muttered to himself, "when he finds out his money's missing. And I'll be at the circus tomorrow, even if it is the same old thing every year," he added merrily.

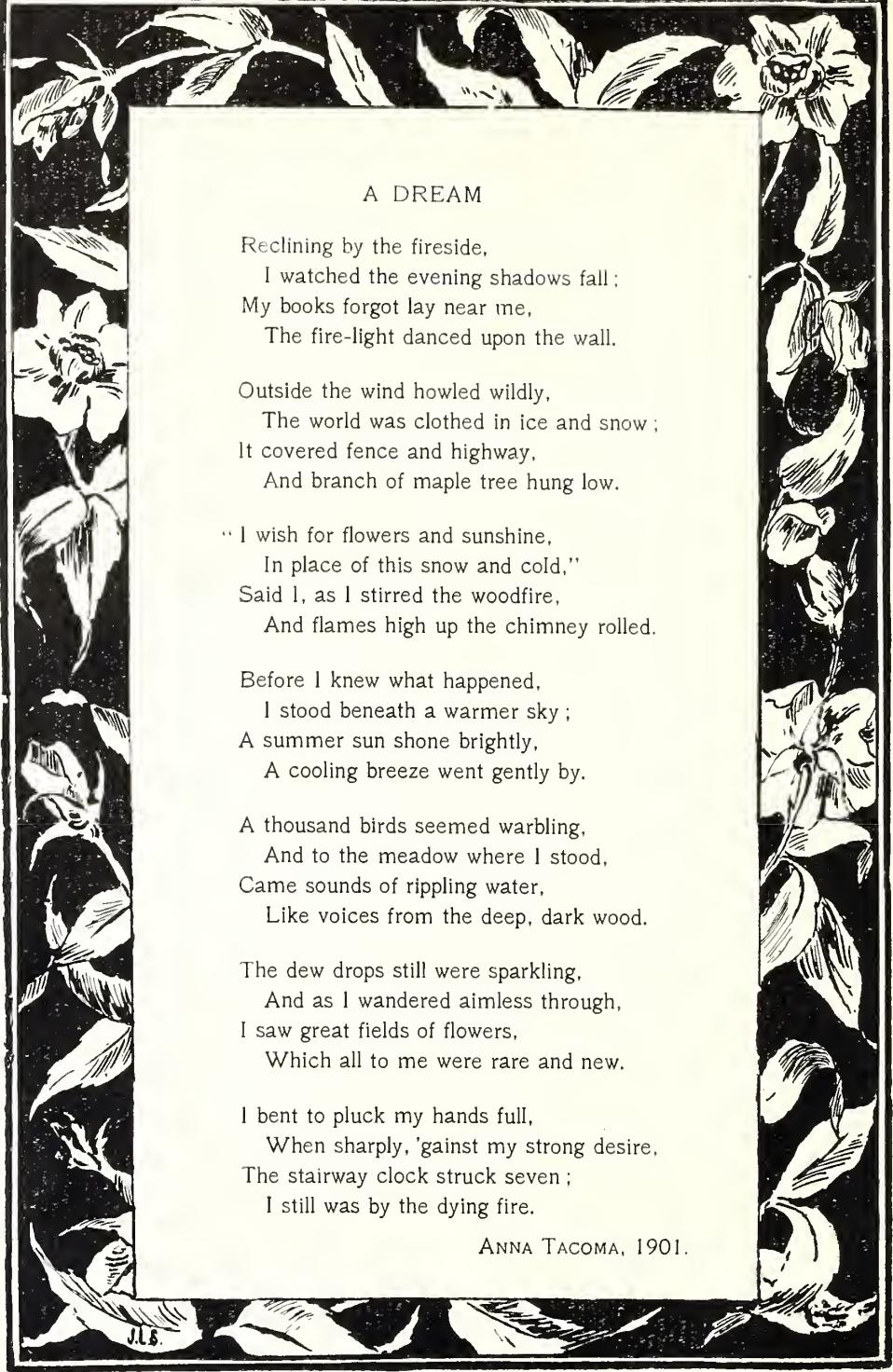
Then came the thought of Miss Celia. What would she think? He dug his brown toes farther into the mud and pulled his hat down over his eyes, to think better. He remembered her kind words as he left. "Good-bye, Jerry, be a good boy," and he remembered, also, laughing to himself and thinking: "Can't have much chance to be bad just going over to the creek to fish and back." He thought of all her kindness to him, for she had been his only friend since his mother's death.

After a little while, he picked up his rod and basket and started slowly across the field to the barn, where the boys had gathered. He stopped near the door, as he heard Tom's voice. "I'm sure I had it in my pocket when I started, but it's gone for good now. And father don't believe in circuses, anyhow, so I won't dare ask for another. I ought to have put it in my left pocket, it's the good one, and I believe now I did." "Why, Tom," said one of his companions, "they've both got holes in them. Let's go look again over by the swing, and then we'll give it up." Jerry stole softly past the barn door and dropped the quarter directly in under the swing. Then he turned and ran swiftly across the field to Miss Celia's. He stopped for a moment to rest under a big tree in the middle of the field. He waited till he got his breath, and then walked slowly on. Somehow, he didn't feel as happy as they do in stories, when they do a brave deed. He was half tempted to go back and get the money again, but as he turned 'round he heard the boys shouting and knew they had found it.

He entered by the back gate and saw Miss Celia in the garden. She came swiftly toward him. "Why, Jerry, what kept you so late? Some folks met father in the village this evening and asked him to buy tickets for the circus tomorrow. He took them, but he can't go, and you must take me." For one long minute Jerry stood breathless and silent. "Well, don't you want to go with me?" she asked in an injured tone. "Why, yes, Miss Celia, I guess I can take you," he said meekly.

REBECCA FOSTER, 1900.





A DREAM

Reclining by the fireside,
I watched the evening shadows fall ;
My books forgot lay near me,
The fire-light danced upon the wall.

Outside the wind howled wildly,
The world was clothed in ice and snow ;
It covered fence and highway,
And branch of maple tree hung low.

“ I wish for flowers and sunshine,
In place of this snow and cold.”
Said I, as I stirred the woodfire,
And flames high up the chimney rolled.

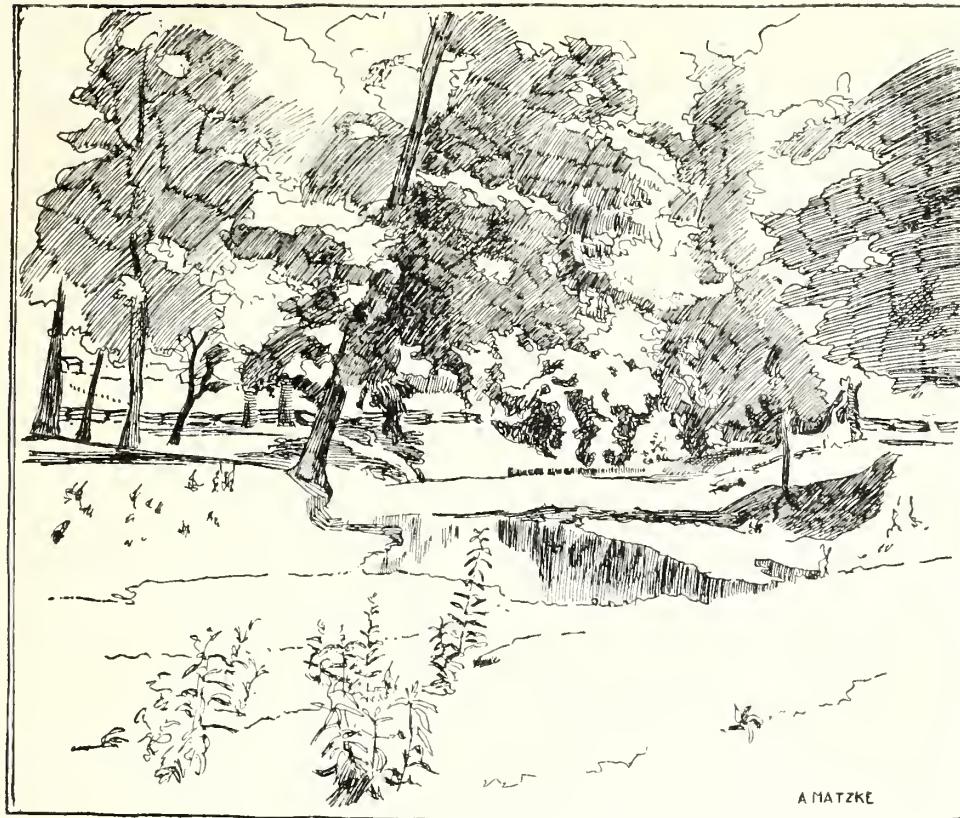
Before I knew what happened,
I stood beneath a warmer sky ;
A summer sun shone brightly,
A cooling breeze went gently by.

A thousand birds seemed warbling,
And to the meadow where I stood,
Came sounds of rippling water,
Like voices from the deep, dark wood.

The dew drops still were sparkling.
And as I wandered aimless through,
I saw great fields of flowers,
Which all to me were rare and new.

I bent to pluck my hands full,
When sharply, 'gainst my strong desire,
The stairway clock struck seven ;
I still was by the dying fire.

ANNA TACOMA, 1901.



A MATZKE

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Principal and Pupils of the M. T. H. S.:

I find that, as a message to send you through the ANNUAL, I have only the well-worn, but here very sincere message—good wishes, and the best wish I can offer is that the M. T. H. S. shall continue to be as it has been, the best school I know about.

If you ever come to Cornell you will wonder at first why this big school was perched up on a hill four hundred feet above the lake and the town, so that you are more weary after climbing to the top than you would be after the longest hour of a hot summer afternoon in a west-side recitation room of the M. T. H. S. And when you get to the top and pause to rest in the cool breeze which never stops blowing over that high space, you begin to wonder why anyone puts school buildings or any other buildings anywhere else than on such high places, so long as the supply of hill-tops is not all in use. There must be nearly a hundred square miles of valley in sight, stretching ten miles to the north along the lake and nearly as far into the hills, southward, with hundreds of farms and orchards on the slopes and the town straight below so shut-in and over-hung that you scarcely notice it.

It is said that the Cornell athletes would become invincibly strong by hill climbing if they

were not made somewhat inattentive at practice by the constant temptation to spend their time to better advantage in enjoying the landscape. But if you have any curiosity to know more of this university, ask Miss Doan or Miss Wentz, who have been here, or John Frenzel in June (if he does not decide to stay all summer). They can tell you better than I can, and without taking up valuable space in the ANNUAL.

Very cordially your friend,

A. P. WINSTON.

TEACHERS' COLLEGE, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK, April 10, 1900.

My Dear Miss _____:

May I ask you to carry for me many happy greetings to the friends at the M. T. H. S. I often think very lovingly of Indianapolis and the school which was my home for four years. I fear I can tell you little that is new of Columbia University. We all admire the beautiful library building which is the center of the group of buildings on the Acropolis, as the hill is often called. I wish you could look with me some sunny morning from my window over the house-tops toward the East River, which lies like a streak of silver in the distance. That view is all that makes me realize that the great throbbing heart of the nation is so near. A ride of about an hour on the surface car will take us down Broadway almost to the sea—to the Battery.

Our students are so centered in Columbia that we are like a little city by ourselves. My year has been of great value to me. It has been one of seeing rather than doing, for I was forced to give up all outside study. I have attended regularly, absorbing all I could or would. The subject I have enjoyed most is Household Chemistry. The bright spring days have come and one is tempted to ride on the trolley, the ferry, and to go awheel in the parks or even afoot, just so one is out in the sunshine. With the best wishes for the health and success of my friends of the M. T. H. S., I am,

Very sincerely,

MARY B. VAIL.

The following are extracts from letters of former students. Carl N. Klass, now of Wabash and who represented that college at the last Oratorical Contest, writes :

"I always feel a pride in having attended the M. T. H. S. I feel grateful for what she has furnished, not only in the study courses but also in attention to those things that help the aesthetic side of the student. I believe, as a rule, the students of the M. T. H. S. appreciate and take the advantages offered. I could go on in a reminiscent mood and recall the pleasures of the years spent within the dear school walls, but no doubt many from whom you receive letters have spoken of such things and I will forego further mention. * * * With kindest regards for M. T. H. S."

John P. Frenzel, Jr., of the June, '99, now of Cornell, writes :

"You and every one else know how I feel toward good old M. T. H. S. If it had not been for her I should never have reached Cornell. I can not express all I feel. The M. T. H. S. will stay stamped indelibly on my memory long after I have forgotten many

later happenings of my life. I can never think of it without a strong sense of regret that I could not remain on and on. We had hard times, easy times, good times and better times, and I doubt whether I shall ever have much better times anywhere else. But I can not say it for the ANNUAL; Miss Foy, you know how I feel I am sure. I sincerely hope the M. T. H. S. athletes escaped C or D. I am very much interested in their success. *They must keep that cup.* I hope your *Mirror* will continue as successful as it has been and that you will come out O. K. on the ANNUAL. Best regards to all at M. T. H. S."

Walter Jack Duncan, of June, '00, class, now of Art Students League of N. Y.:

"And so the carnival, the M. T. H. S. carnival class '00, was a rip-snorting, unprecedented, howling success—wasn't it? Yes, I read of it in the papers and I was every bit as glad as you were, if not more so. The class should be congratulated and I gladly give three cheers in unbounded appreciation for its good work (do you hear them?), wishing only that I had been there to participate in the festivities. And the Hobos were one of the main features in it, so the papers said, which was quite natural and did not surprise me in the least. I'd bet that they worked harder than any one else in the class and deserve a big share of the honor the same as in the days when we supported the room paper. Of course there were a few energetic girls who did their share of the work. You must relate to me those insignificant interesting points of the proceedings that the newspapers never speak of. With best wishes to all the fellows."

George Scott Olive, January, '99, now Harvard, '03.

"The so-called university spirit, that of democracy, is carried further here at Harvard than at any other American university—too far, it is claimed by some critics. Upon the student there are scarcely any restrictions. If he wishes to succeed he must do it through his own exertions; everything is voluntary. The first impressions of a man joining such a large community are almost inevitably discouraging. He comes with a profound sense of his own importance, is thrown among men holding diverse opinions and becomes a member of a class of five or six hundred students. It is very disheartening to find himself only one little piece of a great body. With the training received at the M. T. H. S., however, one is fully prepared to overcome the difficulties, even at America's greatest university."

HEIDELBERG COLLEGE.

As a center of learning Heidelberg, Germany, is famed throughout the entire civilized world, for it is the seat of the famous University of Heidelberg. Another of its important schools is Heidelberg College, conducted by Dr. A. Holzberg, M. A., Ph. D., and A. B. Cathy, Esq., M. A., prizeman at Christ's College, Cambridge.

Heidelberg is a school for English boys, based upon the great system of the English public schools. Its immediate purpose is to fit English lads for competitive army, naval and civil-service examinations. The candidates are sent here to be especially fitted in French and German, and the reports from the Royal Military College, as well as from Oxford and Cambridge, testify as to the thoroughness of this preparation.

The first thing that a new student learns is that he must work—and work hard. No trivial excuses, such as headaches, are allowed, and the regular work is expected of him unless he is so ill as to be kept in bed. The classes are small so as to give each pupil individual attention. Recitations go on from 9:00 A. M. to 1:00 P. M., with a fifteen minutes break after the third hour. As has already been mentioned the principal subjects are French and German, with of course Latin, mathematics and sciences.

Dinner usually lasts a full hour, and here every opportunity is had to attain fluency in the languages. The pupils are grouped about the different masters and nothing but French or German is tolerated.

After dinner the boys are free to do as they please until five o'clock. And now comes the advantages of the location. The scenery about here is noted all over Europe, and what is more to be enjoyed than a cool walk through the sweet-smelling June forests, away up among the hills. Far below, the River Neckar goes winding by the ruins of the "Schloss," made famous by its history and by Scheffel's "Trompeter von Säckingen." Or he may go into town, which is always made interesting by the university students with their colored caps and faces all scarred from duelling. And still it would be more interesting to some to go to the "Museum" itself and see them hacking away at each other. But I am wandering from my subject.

From 5:00 to 6:30 P. M. the student is again at it, but the real work comes after supper. The senior has from 7:30 to 10:00 P. M. to prepare his lessons for the morrow. The work is done in his own rooms and but little advantage is taken of this privilege, for the lessons are both long and difficult. Besides, the masters have a troublesome habit of entering a room just when least expected, so it does not pay to idle.

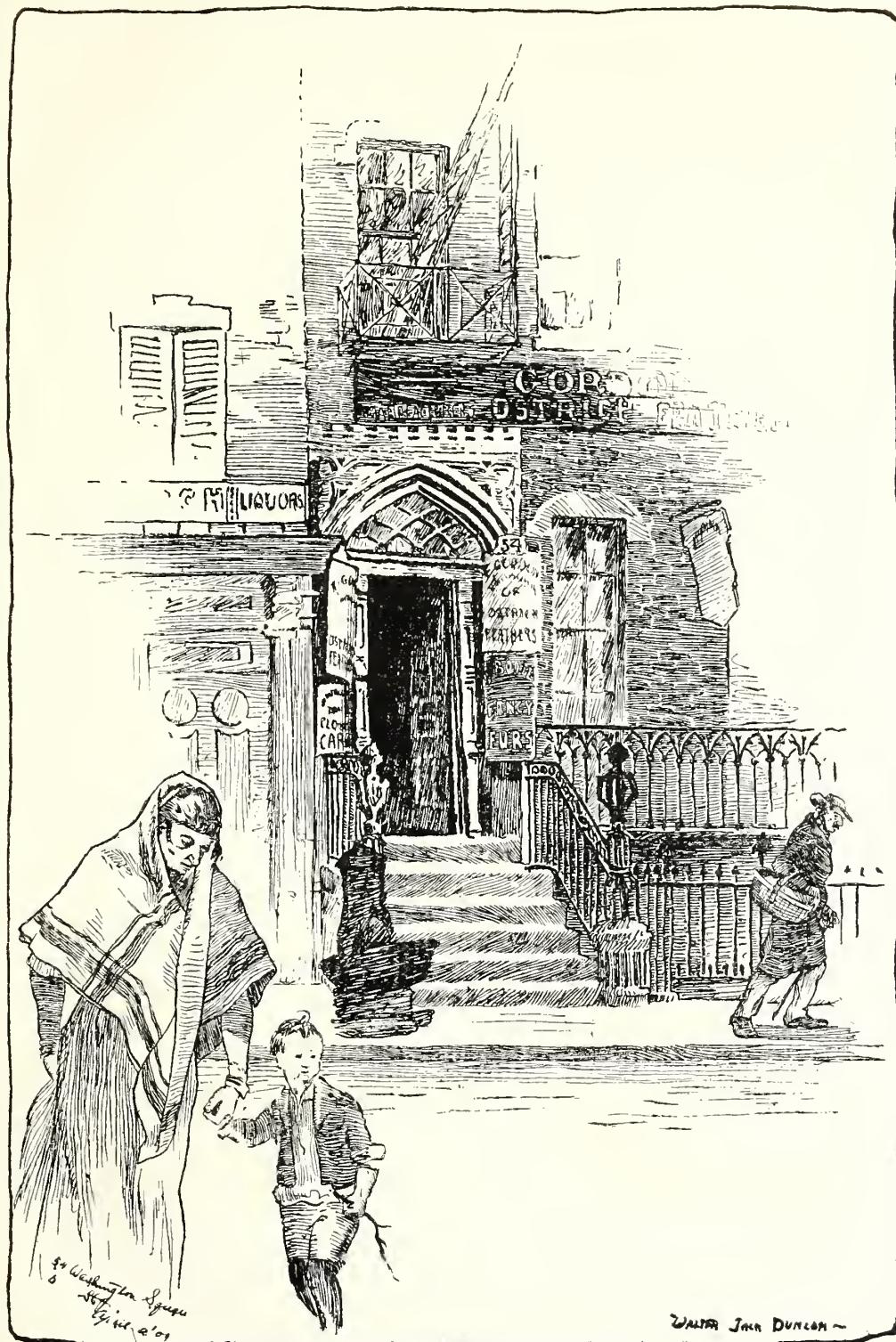
Sports receive quite a bit of attention here, especially rowing and foot-ball, and track athletics is not neglected. Every year a meet takes place between Heidelberg and Nuenheim, another English college. The boat house is under the gymnasium and contains three outrigger fours, three outrigger pairs and a few tub pairs.

In all, the students are sure of a very enjoyable time and will, no doubt, always remember with pleasure the days spent at Heidelberg.

March 24, 1900.

ARTHUR VONNEGUT.





A BIT OF OLD NEW YORK

THE RACE OF LIFE

There comes a time to everyone,
Who in the race of life doth run —
 And run to win —
When he must make an extra stride
To leap some yawning chasm wide,
 Where failure lurks within.

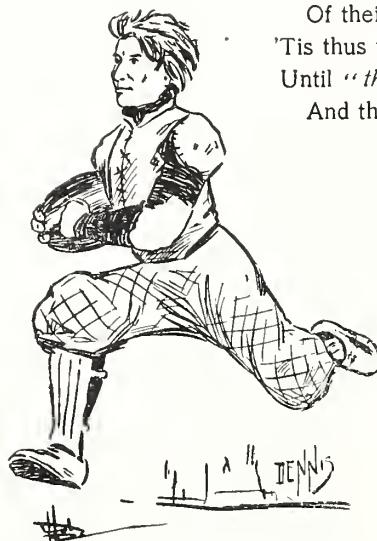
And if he falter on the edge,
Temptations closer 'round him hedge,
 To hold him back.
They cry the dangers of the leap ;
Point out the chasm, dark and deep —
 The rough, untrodden track.

They point the extra labor hard
And his ambition soon retard
 By their abuse ;
They show him paths of so-called ease
Wherein he may each fancy please
 As idle whim shall choose.

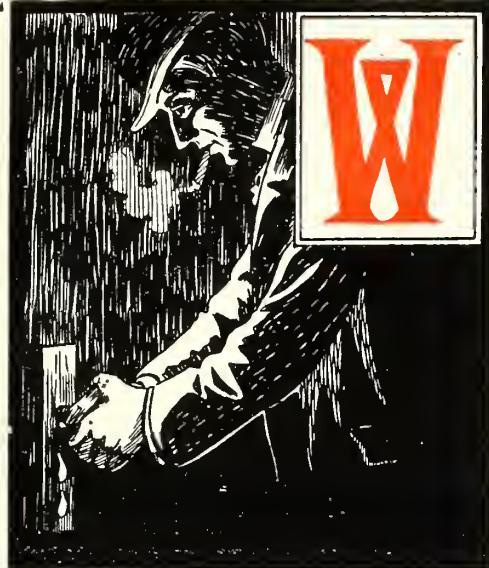
'Tis thus they trap him in their snares,
And sow, within his soul, the tares
 Of their impurity.
'Tis thus they lead him, chained and bound,
Until "*the circle swings full 'round* ;"
 And then — obscurity.

Now friend, when in this race of life
The moment comes for sudden strife
 To reach the goal,
With firm determination true,
Your courage and your strength renew,
 Your chosen path to hold.

HARRY HUNT, 1901.



"NEVER TROUBLE TROUBLE"



"ELL, try the door, anyway," said I impatiently, as Tom searched through all his pockets for the key.

"Nonsense," he returned. "Imagine mother, of all women, leaving the door unlocked!" As he spoke, he jerked at the knob and the door flew open. I smiled maliciously.

"Who on earth left that door open," he thundered. "Sneak-thieves, tramps, anybody could come right in. Of all the careless things! — the people in this house ought to have a keeper." And he stared indignantly into the black hall way.

"Never mind, Tom," I said soothingly. "Light the gas."

"No," he said suddenly; "it's too pretty a night to go in so soon. I'm going to smoke. You can go in if you want to."

From which last remark, you might correctly draw the inference that Tom was a near relative of mine.

"Do you think for one moment that I'm going to venture in that dark, gloomy old house? No, sir," and I seated myself near him on the porch steps.

We said nothing for a few moments, but looked out over the smooth grass, between the tall, thick-leaved trees, to where the river swept darkly along, with occasional quivering bars of molten silver mocking the silver moon. A small rose from the piazza vines nodded gently at me, as though it held a friendly elfin sprite.

"O, Tom!" I said enthusiastically "Isn't this a lovely night! And these blooming vines are so beautiful!"

"Blooming, beautiful, and buggy," replied Tom, unmoved, as he fished out a small black ant which was exploring his neck.

My sentiment was entirely squelched. "What time is it, Tom?" I enquired meekly.

"Eleven thirty," he replied, striking a match.

"Auntie ought to be home pretty soon," I ventured.

Tom nodded assent. "Even if she stayed for the end of the play."

I looked down the street, but only an irregular polka-dot pattern of yellow lamp light against the blackness of night met my eye. For some moments we sat there, chatting off and on, while in the silent intervals, Tom amused himself by blowing smoke into my face.

The clock struck twelve. I wondered at Auntie's lateness, and Tom said: "Maybe they had had an accident driving over the curbstone. I did that, once. But I didn't mean to." I kept an indignant silence for some minutes. But after while, Tom began to



get anxious himself, for Uncle is an old man with poor eyes, and he has a rather disastrous habit of driving into things.

At half past twelve, we had decided on one of two possibilities ; either they had slipped around to somebody's house for supper, or else an accident had happened. The first was rather improbable, being far more in Tom's and my line than Aunt's and Uncle's. The second was so full of direful possibilities that I wanted to go out and hunt them.

As we sat there in distressed silence, the clock struck one. Tom rose and paced the porch nervously. Just then I fancied I heard a voice, which said faintly, "children!" "Tom, stop!" I said, choking. "Listen!—I thought I heard

Auntie's voice." "Nonsense!" said Tom gruffly, but stopping all the same.

"Children," called the voice, clearly and distinctly, "when *are* you coming upstairs?" And over the banister, with her queer old-fashioned candlestick lighting up her handsome face, leaned my Aunt.

She and Uncle had reached home a half hour before Tom and I.

VALENTIA EGAN, March 28, 1900.



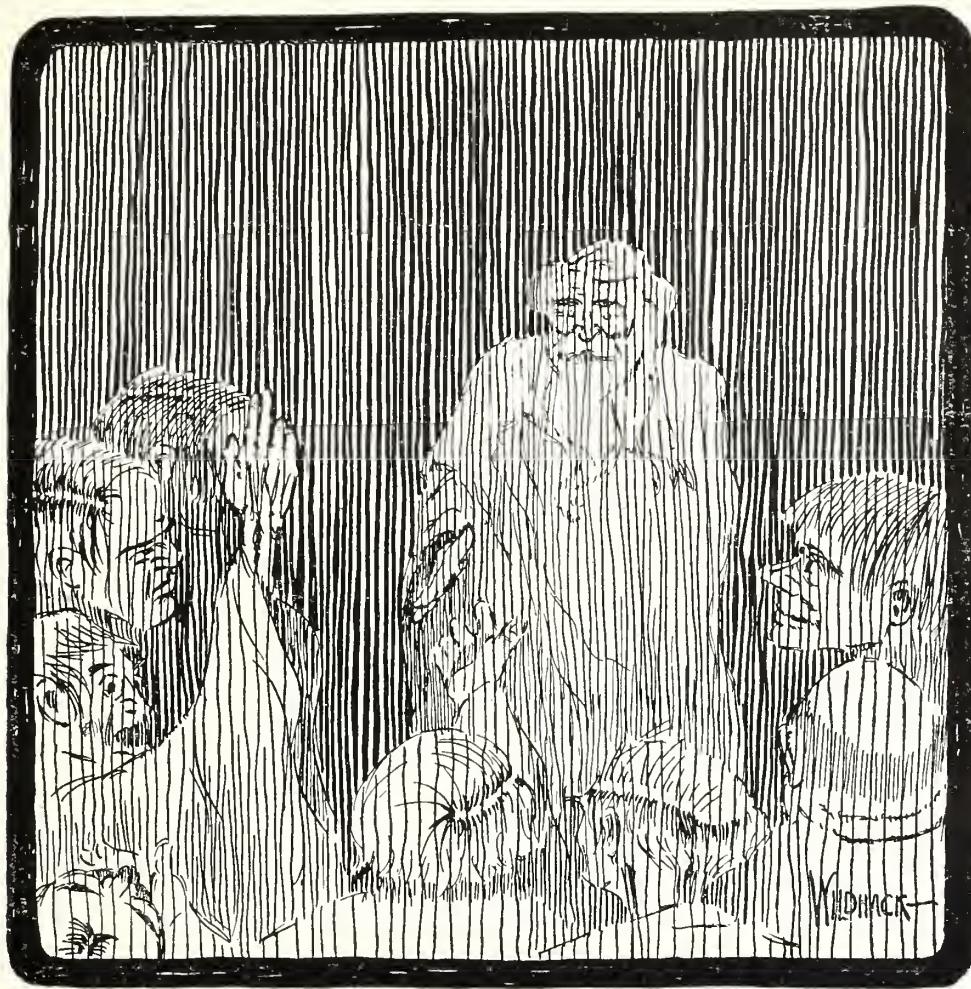
THE ARRIVAL

"HERE he comes." "Here he is." "Behold the man with the hoe." "At last we see the poet of the century." These and similar cries broke the gloomy silence of Hades one morning not long since. Charon had just brought his craft to a standstill and was depositing his single passenger on the golden sands of the Styx. No wonder the shades were excited, for they were about to receive an accession. All had read in Addison's "Sight-Seer" the evening before that Edward Markham was deceased and now he was here. Thin and haggard in the face he was. He had a weary look in his eyes, as if "bowed by the weight of centuries," he stood. Grasping his small "grip" in one hand he stepped on to the beach. "Here, Charon," he said, "go make yourself comfortable," giving him a ghostly dollar. Then he turned toward the "associated shades;" then, and only then, did he seem to realize that he was dead. He had faced irate and uncompromising editors ; he had received bushels of criticism, both bitter and sweet, and many a

spring poem had he rejected—but never before had he faced the choicest of the world's intellectual stars. So, trembling with something akin to stage-fright, he advanced toward the least awful looking of them, a young man in a gray business suit.

“ How are you, sir? My name is Markham.”

Sherlock Holmes replied: “ Glad to meet you. Ever found any clue as to who was the man with the hoe?”



“ Sir—.” But now they are all on him. Dr. Johnson gives him a ponderous handshake and remarks, “ Rather poor English in your poem, sir.”

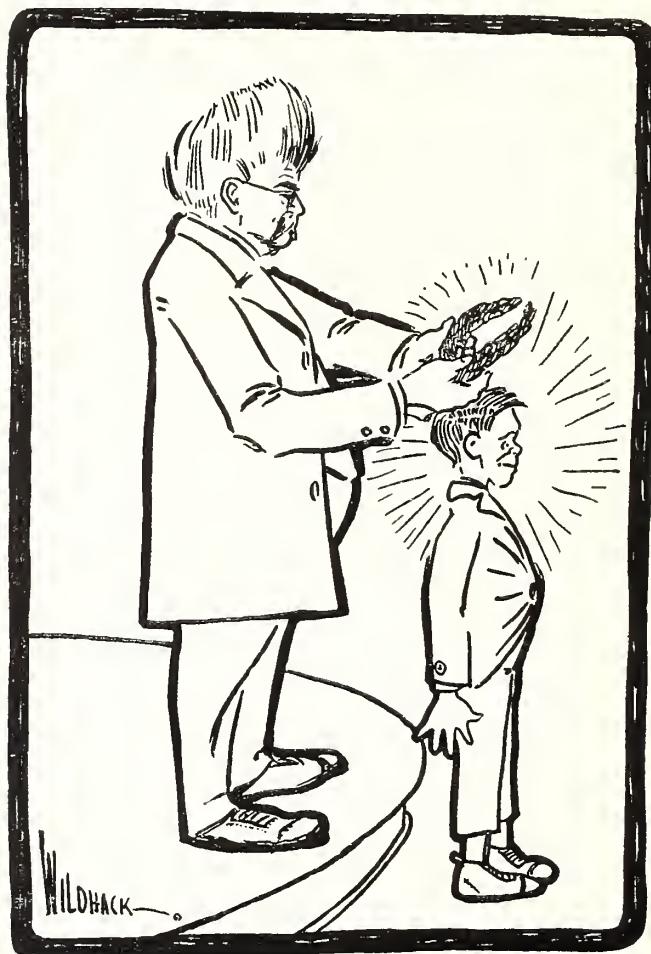
Edgar Poe tells him, “ You have too little of the æsthetic quality.”

Nero says, “ I should like to play an accompaniment to your poem on my violin,” which remark makes the author of the “ Recessional ” blush. After Markham emerged he was carried off to the club house and made the guest of honor.

HARRY WOOD, 1900.

PSALM 151

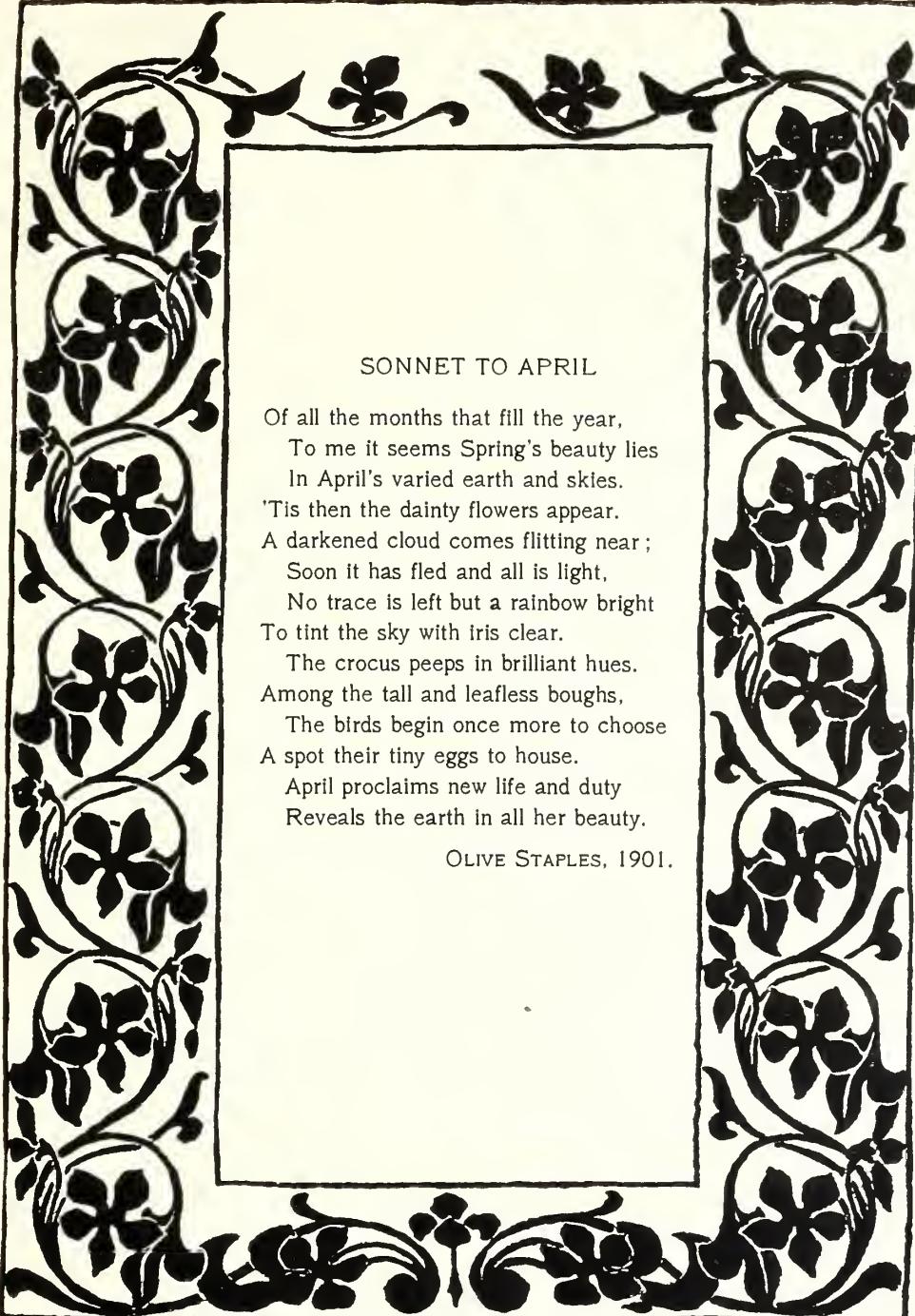
Blessed is the boy that walketh aright upon the stairs, for he shall not then run afoul of Mr. Martin and be sent to punishment in the office. Blesseth also is he that standeth not upon street corners, nor smoketh on his way to school, nor sitteth upon the back seat in the recitation room and annoyeth the teachers by whispering. But he that giveth not up his seat in the street car to a teacher, and signeth his own excuses, or laugheth not at his teacher's jokes, shall not be forgotten when the time for promotion comes.



Praise be to him who goeth not out behind the barn and curseth when his promotion card is inscribed with "C-'s" and "D's," but jollyeth his teachers during the next term and carryeth home his card in triumph covered with "A's" and "A+'s."

Blessed is he that getteth up before the crowd in the auditorium and maketh his speech without a stumble or a hitch, for he shall be exalted before the school and the powers that be shall pat him upon the back and make much of him. But he that forgetteth his lines shall be much disturbed and a joke shall be cracked upon him that getteth confused.

WILL SCOTT, 1900.



SONNET TO APRIL

Of all the months that fill the year,
To me it seems Spring's beauty lies
In April's varied earth and skies.
'Tis then the dainty flowers appear.
A darkened cloud comes flitting near;
Soon it has fled and all is light,
No trace is left but a rainbow bright
To tint the sky with iris clear.
The crocus peeps in brilliant hues.
Among the tall and leafless boughs,
The birds begin once more to choose
A spot their tiny eggs to house.
April proclaims new life and duty
Reveals the earth in all her beauty.

OLIVE STAPLES, 1901.



M. T. H. S. ATHLETICS

In our school, athletics are held second in importance to the regular school work, and the hearty support of both teachers and pupils is given. The purpose of all educational institutions throughout the country at the present time is the symmetrical development of mind and body. It has been proved by experience that a sound mind must be accompanied by a strong body.

A good athlete has attained much, but the student who is a good athlete and also has a good class standing, has attained much more. We may justly pride ourselves that the majority of our athletes are good scholars. It is a pleasure to every student as well as teacher to know that, when distinction has been won, on the gridiron, diamond or track, it has been done by those who have proved themselves worthy in the class-room.

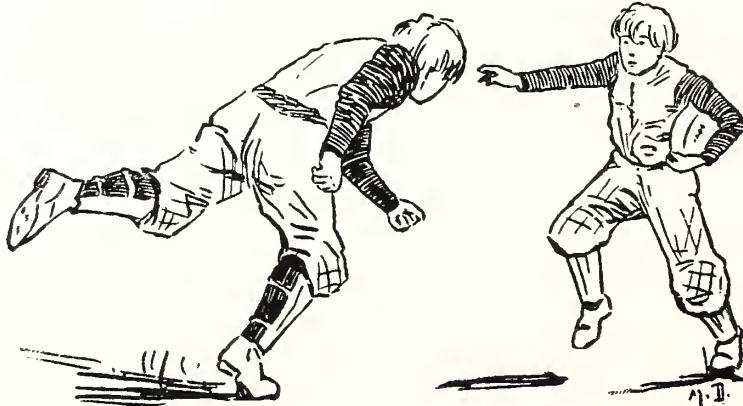
Our school is the recognized leader of scholastic sports in this state. Not only has the strength of our various teams been the chief source of our victories, but the admirable spirit shown has brought about the coveted results. We have been, and hope to remain, the promoter and defender of all scholastic sports which are elevating and beneficial.

JOHN HOTZ, 1901.

THE FIRST FOOT- BALL TEAM

A few weeks before school opened last fall, some of the candidates for the team met and practiced kicking and catching. The benefit derived from this work was plainly shown later in the season, when the pig-skin was sent whirling through the air from behind our line. The first call for material was answered promptly by foot-ball enthusiasts, many of whom, though possessing science and skill in the art of playing, had not sufficient weight to qualify them for the first team.

Shortly after the organization of the team, it was able through careful coaching to defeat a scrub eleven from Butler College. This victory not only encouraged the players,



but gave them experience and confidence in themselves as well. These qualities were brought out distinctly a week later upon the Franklin gridiron, which reminded one of a terminal moraine or a South African kopje.

The college boys had the advantage of us on every point; in experience, field and thirty pounds to the man in weight. Contending with these odds, however, our team played a quick, snappy game, out classed the big eleven from a scientific stand-point, and carried off another victory.

This feat was a detriment instead of a gain in two ways: First, some high schools became afraid of us and canceled their games, thus spoiling our schedule. The lack of games in this weakened schedule deprived the team of steady practice. Second, the players became over-confident.

The team had not yet recovered from their slump, when they faced the Louisville Manual Training School representatives at Louisville. This was one of the hardest fought games of the season. After battling for half an hour upon a muddy field, we were unable to score against our opponents, who were aided by the unjust decisions of the officials, but succeeded in keeping any score from being made against ourselves.

It was at this stage of the season that the players began to realize that more team-work was necessary to defeat our rivals, I. H. S. From this time until the final match every player was in his place on the practice grounds working with zeal. Some of the boys unfortunately took cold, which put them in bad condition to meet the High School at Newby Oval. This was the only time during the season the team had a chance to prove its superiority where the red and white predominated among the spectators. As yet our opponents

had never crossed our goal line, and this record continued after the game. The winning of this contest gave us the championship among the high schools of this state, an honor of which our school feels justly proud. It was not an overwhelming victory on account of the wet field, the tendency on the part of some players who were over confident to make "grand-stand" plays, and the bad condition of some of our best players. By the valuable experience of this game the team was well prepared to meet a heavy eleven at Champaign, Ill., on Thanksgiving Day.

The Champaign boys had the advantage of us in weight, but lacked in science. At the beginning of the game they made the only score registered against us during the entire season, but our superior endurance, grit and team-work soon told, and the contest resulted in another victory.

FRED HOHN, 1900.



A GENERAL
CRITICISM OF THE
TEAM



No account of the foot-ball season of 1899 is complete which does not make it plain that the success of the team was due in the main to the earnest, faithful efforts of the Captain. In organizing, controlling and inspiring his team Captain Hohn at all times proved himself a true leader. His superb individual playing, particularly at Champaign, was a revelation of the possibilities of high school foot-ball.

As a whole, the 1899 eleven was probably the best in the history of the school, and every member deserves great praise for his share in making the fine record of the season. The team was remarkably evenly balanced, both in ability and weight; a fact which enabled us to develop the excellent team work which was the most marked feature of the season. The style of game which proved most successful was mainly "straight foot-ball" varied by a few special formation plays. Toward the end of the season an effective interference was evolved for end runs, which produced greater gains than any other play, although Minor's fierce line-bucking played a large part in the last game. The defense, which was weak early in the season, became toward the end fairly vigorous and determined, though never impregnable. In spite of the facts that we had an excellent punter and that the backs handled kicks particularly well, little reliance could be placed upon the kicking game because of the ineradicable tendency of the ends to overrun their man. The line was slow, both in opening holes and in breaking through; frequently offended by off-side play, and did not follow the ball closely. The backs did not always follow their interference, were slow in starting, and on the defense did not always get into the play. The whole eleven was prone to do too much talking, both in practice and in match games. In other respects the spirit was excellent.

Hotz, Kittle, Kaylor, Pickett, Coval, Diddel and Peck, of the '99 team, will return to school next fall. With these old players and the material trained by the second team our prospects are bright for another victorious season under the captaincy of John Hotz and the management of Glen Diddel.

E. C. NOYES.

OFFICIALS

E. C. NOYES, Coach. FRED HOHN, Captain.
FRANK CLINE, Manager.

THE LINE-UP

HOTZ, - - - - -	Right end	CLINE AND YOUNG - - - - -	Left end
HOHN, - - - - -	Right tackle	KERR, - - - - -	Left tackle
KITTLE, - - - - -	Right guard	BOYCE, - - - - -	Left guard
MOORE AND KAYLOR, - - -	Center	PICKETT, - - - - -	Quarter-back
COVAL, - - - - -	Right half-back	DIDDEL AND PECK, - - -	Left half-back
MINOR, - - - - -	Full-back.		

GAMES AND SCORES

Butler College,	- - - - -	0	M. T. H. S.,	- - - - -	20
North Indianapolis,	- - - - -	0	M. T. H. S.,	- - - - -	20
Franklin College,	- - - - -	0	M. T. H. S.,	- - - - -	5
Louisville M. T. S.,	- - - - -	0	M. T. H. S.,	- - - - -	0
Indianapolis H. S.,	- - - - -	0	M. T. H. S.,	- - - - -	11
Champaign H. S.,	- - - - -	11	M. T. H. S.,	- - - - -	28
Opponents,	- - - - -	11	M. T. H. S.,	- - - - -	84



The second foot-ball team of the M. T. H. S. was organized early in the season for the purpose of developing material for the first team. This eleven, which was easily the best second team that the school has ever had, gave the first team plenty of hard practice during the whole season. Its only defeat was at the hands of the Indianapolis High School first team in a hotly contested game on a very warm day. The High School refused a return game and their second team refused to play at all.

THE SECOND FOOT-BALL TEAM

THE SCHEDULE WAS

Orchards, - - - - -	0	M. T. H. S., second, - - - - -	20
Indianapolis H. S., - - - - -	10	M. T. H. S., second, - - - - -	0
Ash Street, - - - - -	0	M. T. H. S., second, - - - - -	5
Fountain Square, - - - - -	0	M. T. H. S., second, - - - - -	20
Carmel, - - - - -	5	M. T. H. S., second, - - - - -	7
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Opponents, - - - - -	15	M. T. H. S., second, - - - - -	52

The line-up of course was constantly being changed, but the players generally had the following positions:

WYON,	}	Left end	MINOR,	}	Right end
REID,			SULLIVAN,		
COOPER,	}	Left tackle	GOLDRICK,	}	Right tackle
McPHEETERS,			HADLEY,		Right guard
KNOWLES,	}	Left guard	SCOTT, captain,	}	Right half-back
SWEENEY,		Left half-back	STEELE,		Center.
SHIDELER,	Quarter-back		KRULL,	Full-back	

WILL SCOTT, 1900.

When, on the reorganization of the Athletic Association in the fall, the M. T. H. S. girls were asked to join, a lively interest in athletics was manifest among them. Foot-ball and base ball being out of the question they raised a cry for basket ball, which resulted in the organization of several teams.

THE BASKET BALL TEAM

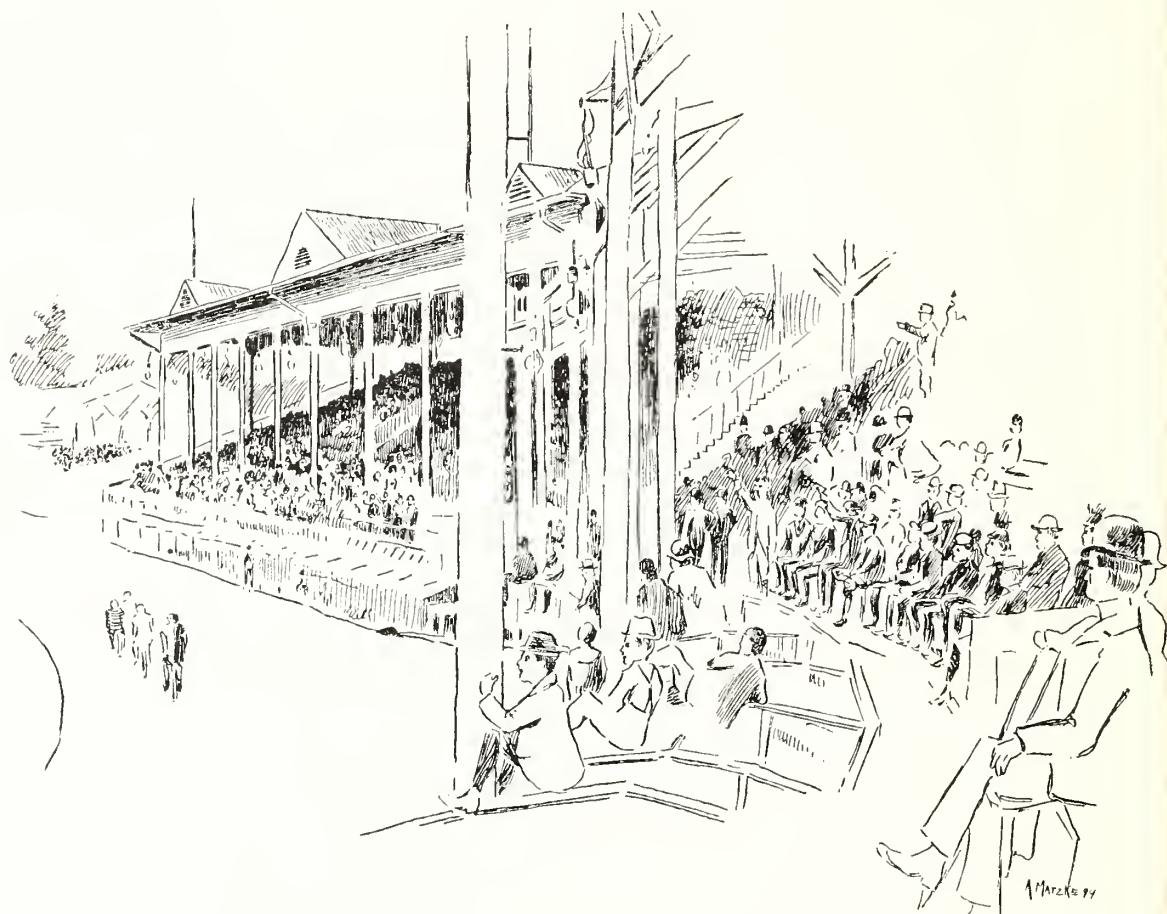
Since then weekly practice games have been played in the Boy's Club Gymnasium, and a considerable degree of efficiency has been attained by the two surviving teams. Owing to the difficulty in arranging for games because of the fact that no uniform rules have been adopted by the various teams in the city, no scheduled games with outsiders have as yet taken place. Spalding's new Rules for Women's Basket Ball have, however, been adopted by our teams, and it is hoped will in time meet with general acceptance, in which event match games might be arranged and doubtless many laurels won for the M. T. H. S.





The State Interscholastic Field and Track Meet, held May 27 of last year, marks the beginning of such athletic events in the state. The M. T. H. S. has the honor of winning the state championship the first year. On that day a standard of athletics was established that the future athletes of the school must strive hard to sustain.

Our team not only won more points than any other team, but had the best all-round athlete and star of the day, Anton Vonnegut. He won three firsts and two seconds in the events, a record which is remarkable. The fact that the team was evenly balanced prob-



THE STATE INTERSCHOLASTIC FIELD DAY

ably was the true reason that the red and white won. There was no weak point on the team, for out of fifteen events only one failed to show a point for Training School athletes.

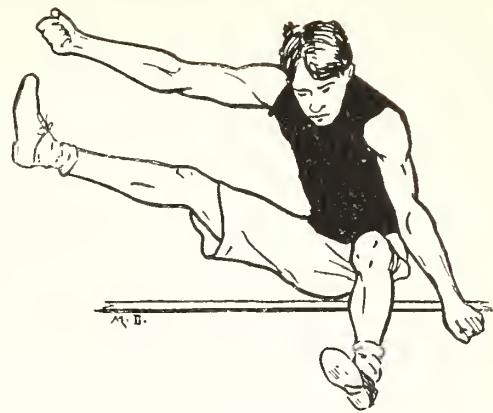
Shideler and McDermid protected the school in the runs and dashes. Peck won the pole vault by the cleanest kind of work, with Pickett second. Pickett also secured second place in the hurdles. Coval showed up well in the bicycle races, getting one first, one second, and one third place. Yeaton did clever work in the hammer throw and



Moore came up to expectations in the shot put. Tutt proved to a point winner in the jumps. The total number of points made by the Training School was sixty. The Indianapolis High School, our nearest competitor, secured fifty-one points.

The management of the meet should be highly complimented on the success of the event, both from a financial stand-point and also from the amount of interest created.

WILLIS COVAL, OI.



TRACK
ATHLETICS

The athletic outlook for this year is better than we ever have hoped. Every man on last year's team, except one, is with us. Every man is in better condition than last year. Almost every athlete has been in the gymnasium this winter, building up a constitution and set of muscles which can not break down before the test that is to come.

Early in February the Cross Country Running Club was organized with thirty-two members. Hare and hounds chases were given every Saturday and before the track training could begin a good team of runners had been developed. Last May we were victors with a team of thirteen and we begin this year's work with thirty or forty. At our preliminary Field Day, April 7, there were more contestants than in our final last year. Especially was this true in the running events. We did not capture a single run last year, and it is for them we must work this season. The state Field Day will be held at Newby Oval, May 25. Come and show your school spirit. We must have your support.

CLAIR PECK (Captain).

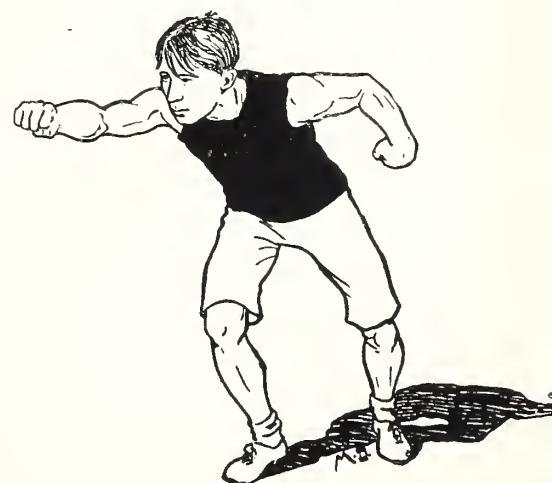
THE NEED
OF A SCHOOL
GYMNASIUM

In nearly all of the schools that have recently been constructed a gymnasium has been planned and added. Some people look upon this as a needless expense, but they fail to see the good that can come of it. Of course it is not intended that the pupils shall neglect their studies for physical culture, but it has always been found that judicious exercise will greatly improve a student's work and at the same time better his health.

Every school now supports several athletic teams. In our case and in many others the boys training for these teams are obliged to do the best they can with no one to direct them. Often through ignorance they overdo themselves or misdirect their energies. An accident like this will often ruin the chances of a winning team, and there is yet to be found the school that does not care whether its team is victorious or not. Such an accident could and should be avoided by the care of a competent physical instructor.

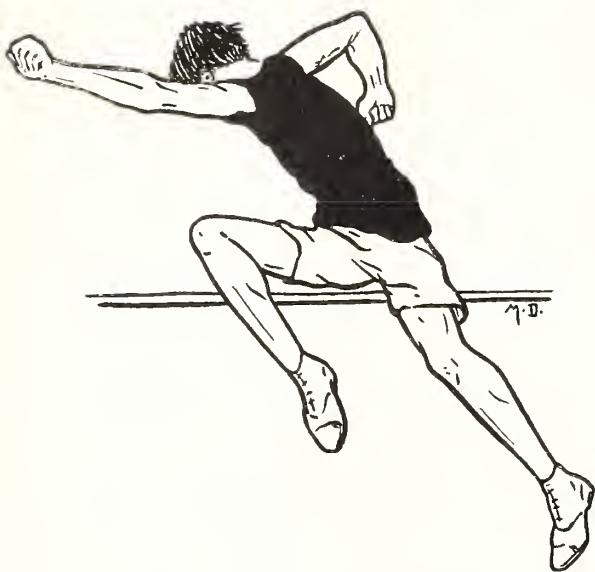
Possibly there would be a few pupils that would attend school merely for the purpose of using the gymnasium, but these could be easily weeded out if the privileges were limited to those whose work would come up to the standard. To add a gymnasium to the building now would be expensive, but there is not a doubt but that it would be worth every cent invested in it. If the building were put up the Athletic Association would surely see that it would be fully equipped.

WILL SCOTT, 1900.



THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Within the past year the Athletic Association has been reorganized and a new constitution adopted which has placed the organization on a solid working basis. The object of the association is to promote all true scholastic sports. Under its control comes every team which represents the school. Its power lies mainly in the financial aid which it gives. The interest in the association the past year has not been up to the standard. The present officers of the association are as follows: President, Anton Vonnegut; Vice-President, Clair Peck; Secretary, Leland Lowe; Treasurer, Ralph A. Young. It is hoped that the outgoing classes will make a contribution to the treasury of the association before they leave the school. JOHN HOTZ, '01.





THE RIVER

There are pictures — nature's brushwork,
Near the peaceful river's brink,
There are ripples, clear and glassy,
Where the cattle stoop to drink.
And I love to linger near it
At the closing of the day,
When the birds have ceased their singing
And all nature seems to pray.

There are murmurs, loud, then quiet,
From the ceaseless river's flow,
There are rubies — brightest jewels,
From the sunset's ruddy glow,
And the music of the waters,
Never ceasing, never still,
Breaks into a louder chorus,
As it nears the old log mill.

There are lilies, floating gently,
On the dear old river's breast,
There are willows, bent and drooping
Where the wild birds love to nest.
And the peace the place brings to me,
As at night I linger long,
Gives me strength to fight the battle
Of the weak against the strong.

MABEL G. WALTERS.

THE CHAMELEONS

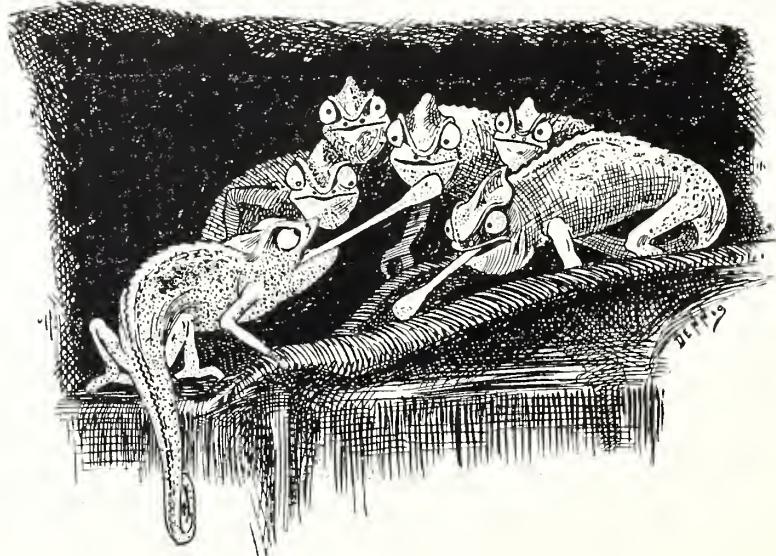
Rap! Rap! Rap! It was about ten o'clock one summer evening, when we were startled by this quick summons at the front-room door. "Bessie, go and see who is there," said Mrs. Thorpe. Bessie slowly got out of her chair and rather unwillingly obeyed her mother. She was only a little girl, timid, shy, and by instinct afraid of the dark. Presently we heard her say, "you can't come in, I won't let you in," and in a deep, gruff voice, the reply, "I tell you, you've got to let me in. It's for the boarder here and it's alive, and I want to give it to her." The boarder? Why that meant me. What could come for me at that time of night? My feminine curiosity was so aroused that I took the messenger's part and gladly rescued him from Bessie's clutches.

As soon as he had come in, he handed me a large pasteboard box. On its cover was a label with the grawsome picture of an alligator stamped upon it. The box had been left at the village express office that evening, and the authorities there had become so uneasy about its contents that they sent it up to me immediately after its arrival. It had taken the messenger boy two hours to deliver the package, for he had come by boat, up the stormy little lake, and had been in fear and trembling all the time.

His terror communicated itself to me. My hands trembled with fear as I slowly unfastened the cover. Everyone in the room was gazing anxiously at me, their curiosity overpowering their fear. A sudden jerk at the lid, and, like Pandora's box, the contents escaped. The women found refuge on chairs, Bessie retreated, screaming at the top of her voice, and the messenger boy sidled towards the hall way. I was left alone, with the almost empty box in my hand. All that remained in it was a chameleon—the dearest little green thing imaginable, with its impertinent head cocked on one side, and its bright little eyes peering out in the most inquisitive manner.

We had a great laugh over our alligator scare, and then we began to search for the missing chameleons. We shook the curtains, turned tables and chairs upside down, crawled under the piano, shook out the rugs, and even turned the pictures, but not a trace of the little runaways did we find. Finally they were given up for lost and we prepared to retire, Mrs. Thorpe's good-night message to her daughter, being, "Bessie, don't sleep with your mouth open to-night." The next morning found the little rascals holding an indignation meeting on the green piano cover, their little tongues lolling out of their mouths, anxiously awaiting their feast of flies.

LILLIE H. LOEFER, June, 1900.





JUNE CLASS, 1900

THIRTY-FOUR COUPLETS FOR TWENTY-FOUR CHARACTERS

As I sit here in the coming night
I hear a voice both gay and bright.
'Tis the voice of memory calling me
Back to the days that used to be.
Just twenty years ago our Class
Was graduated from the M. T. S.
I see them all as they were the day
We left our school for life's dear way.
And now I dream thro' many places
And see again the dear old faces.

Fred Hohn now sits in the Nation's chair,
Well loved by our States, so wide and fair.
Our Eunice Johnson, kind and true,
Now wears a nurse's gown of blue.
And Walter, poor boy, he didn't live long,
For he was the shortest of all the throng.
Prof. Lorenz Schmidt, in old Deutschland,
With stately mien, so grave and grand,
Tells how in his last great theory,
"The world, without women, would better be!"
Miss Mabel Walters is widely renowned,
For magazines now with her poems abound.
The Reverend Chas. G. Stone, D. D.,
Is the worthy divine of Trinity.
Miss Mary Conner still teaches a school,
"Trust not mankind" is yet her rule;
And now she lives with Nora Scherring—
They vow they'll never think of marrying.

At Nora's home for cats and dogs
She's a pond for aged fish and frogs.
In New York City resides Dr. Cline,
For diseases of love he's a remedy fine.
Mrs. Lillian Ryan —'s in Europe now,
Holding her dignity up, I trow.
While Mr. and Mr. Charles Vance Smith
Are making a tour of the world in a skiff.
William R. Scott 's the happiest man
Of all the merry and happy clan ;
He has a house and a farm of his own,
A little wife and a telephone.
Another Modjeska rules the stage—
Our beautiful Josephine—quite the rage.
The great John Messick, Supreme Court Judge,
Is as fond as ever of home-made fudge.
And little Kate Fuller, the one with glasses,
Sells candy made of sorghum molasses.
James Madison—not he the great—
Has met a terrible, terrible fate ;
Remember how he used to frown ?
That scowl forever his face shall crown.
Now there 's the widow, pretty Ruth Hann,
She 's looking now for another man.
And Harry Wood, philosopher wise,
Yet uses words of monstrous size.
And Roy Adams, of our collect,
Is now a famous architect.
And Bessie V., a dark-eyed beauty,
Has signed, I hear, a life-time treaty.
Our Anna Gill 's made one man glad
But many another lonely and sad,
For she, always, "with soul so pure,"
Did all, unknowingly, allure.
And Wendell White, a theolog kind,
Was ever of a sober mind.

I see no more in my dream tonight ;
The rest has faded from my sight.
I sit here in my own home-hall
And the deepening shades softly fall.

GRACE THOMPSON, 1900.

PRIVATE HITS

Hubert Conarroe sat on a point of order to rise again.

Everything at the carnival went with a rush except the wraps, which were held in check.

The probable reason of Charles Stone's great success is that he is bo(u)lder than the rest.

H. A. M.—This may stand for His Amiable Majesty, Hot Air Merchant, or Horace Allen Morgan.

Walter Eckhouse should be induced to enter field day as he is one of our best all-(a)round men.

It is the tendency of birds to always fly upward. But we need have no fear. Our Martin will not fly for some time yet.

During the Carnival the school was honored by a visit from Willie Neverwork and Rusty Redbird, of Devil's Slide, this state.

Who is that curly-headed fellow with that serious look? Why, that is Abram Sector, "The Mathematical Giant" or "The man who never smiles."

Will Scott is really not responsible for the color of his hair. If people only knew that it is caused by the brightness of his brain he would not be guyed any more.

I have heard that the Conarroe brothers intend starting an artificial gas company. Some of the others of the firm will be Harry Davis, Maxwell Swaine, Bert Harris and Ralph Root, who are noted in this line of work.

Miss Emily McCullough, who took a year and a half post-graduate course in cooking and sewing in this school, will graduate from Pratt Institute this June. She has been offered a position in the Manual Training School of Honduras, as Instructor of Sewing.

Dr. Elmer Cline recently made a medical examination by the use of X-rays of Irvin Cohen's brain and found that organ full of lint. The only feasible reason we can assign for this is that Mr. Cohen is continually chewing the cloth and it probably goes to the head.

Mr. Wagner. "Will, where did you get these fish?"

Will. "Caught them in White River."

Mr. Wagner. "From the odor I should think there has been a 'rummage sale' at the Aquarium."

A question for debate which is looked forward to with much expectation by our senate is: *Resolved*, That the United States should annex all of her conquered territory.

Fred Newman, Margaret Mahoney—Affirmative (or anti-expansionist).

Mary Conner, Edwin Denzler—Negative (or expansionist).

Martin Quinn thus describes his carpet beating: "I can swing a ten pound bat at a base ball with the energy of a man who draws ten thousand dollars a season for playing the game, but when it comes to beating carpets my energy fails me. I sit in a chair with a pitcher of ice water at my side, a palm leaf fan in one hand and a twig from a peach tree in the other. Every five minutes or so I bring the twig in contact with the carpet."

JUNE WITH THE ANCIENTS

June 1. Battle of Thermopylæ, 1642. Swimming invented by Julius Cæsar in crossing the Rubicon, 711.

June 2. Arc light perfected by Noah on Mt. Ararat, 3003 B. C. Cain signs the temperance pledge, 2998 B. C. Snakes driven out of Ireland by St. Patrick, 1842.

June 3. Cain breaks the temperance pledge on the sly. Symptoms of snakes again appear in Ireland.

June 4. Geo. Washington cuts down the cherry tree, 1779. His father cuts him up with a birch rod. St. Patrick has twenty Belfast distillers arrested, charged with re-introducing the snakes into Ireland.

June 5. Nero is stoned for playing a fiddle, 841. He sets Rome on fire in revenge.

June 6. Dewey whips the Turks at Trafalgar, 1812. Nelson defeats the allied Chinese and Russians at Manila Bay, 1813.

June 7. Spanish Armada wrecked off the coast of Florida, 1776. President Grant immediately sends wrecking crew to wreck the survivors.

June 8. Dewey circumnavigates the White House, 1799. His wife tries to force an entrance. She is repulsed.

June 9. Cock-fighting invented by Adam, 3425 B. C. He is arrested by Methuselah for violating the ordinance prohibiting such sport on Sunday.

June 10. He is brought up, 3424 B. C., before Louis VII and sentenced for thirty days with \$25 fine. Upon investigation it is found that he has no money. He works out his fine at the rate of fifty cents per day.

June 11. Dullest day on record—no battles, no murders, no assassinations, no prize fights, no divorce suits.

June 12. Shocking discovery by Ben Franklin, 1492. Electricity and lightning found to be identical.

June 13. Julius Cæsar likes swimming so well that he returns and takes two hours to cross the Rubicon. On swimming back he is attacked by the cramps and two sharks. After a tough fight he is eaten by the sharks, 711.

June 14. The sharks die.

June 15. De Soto discovers Fall creek and a moonshiner's outfit.

June 16. De Soto's first lieutenant, Biggeo Stretchero Liaro, while under influence of extract from moonshiner's outfit, catches first fish from Fall creek—seven pound bass.

June 17. They eat it.

June 18. They spend the day recovering from its effects. First arrest for counterfeiting on record. The skunk's baggage is searched on his arrival on board the ark and a bad cent is found in his possession. He is lodged in the Bastile, 411.

June 19. Frederick Barbarossa finds an honest man and hides his light under a bushel. Under the influence of the excitement he trims his beard, which is sent to keep company with the light, 313.

June 20. People flock from all parts of Haughville to see the honest man. Siamese twins born, 1688.

June 21. The honest man turns out to be a fake and Fred has to pay their car fare home. Siamese twins coining money by charging ten cents (side-show price) per look.

June 22. Aguinaldo, with Gen. Otis a close second, breaks the mile running record, 1899. At last accounts they were still smashing records but Otis can't overhaul his opponent.

June 23. Macbeth murdered by Brutus, 1555.

June 24. Brutus is still at large and Mrs. Brutus is walking in her sleep. Joseph pawns his coat for three shekels.

June 25. Great strike at the pyramids, 9434 B. C. Twelve-ton stone falls on a gang of twenty-five laborers. They immediately quit work. After some little trouble the stone is removed but the strike still continues.

June 26. Columbus discovers Coney Island. He buys it from the Indians for \$24.49 and makes a fortune by charging his white brethren twenty-five cents to see the Ferris wheel, 1620.

June 27. Watermelons invented and first eaten by Shindig Lightfoot, 1827. Potatoes introduced into Ireland by Goatstalk Van Leer, a Spanish noble, 1221. Garlic first used in Italy by Tim O'Hoolihan, a Russian prince, 1415.

June 28. Solomon takes his second wife, 1832. He is arrested for bigamy and joins the Mormons to get out of jail. America discovered by Nebuchadnezzar, 2 B. C.

June 29. Solomon starts to write the Psalms in revenge for his hard treatment while in jail. Salvation Army organized by Bloody Mary, 1701. Moses defeats the Indians in the battle of Tippecanoe, 1814.

June 30. Charles I gets excited over his defeats at the hands of the Parliamentary forces and loses his head, 1763. He loses his head once too often and expires under the strain. John L. Sullivan's scrap-book first published, 1111. Sale immense, only a few copies left. 11:30 P. M. Father Time buys a new stop watch, exchanges his scythe for a modern reaper and prices bicycles, 41,144, B. C.



EXTRACTS FROM A SENIOR'S DIARY

Sept. 18. School begins. Mr. Emmerich lays in a new supply of switches and has the iron bars on his office windows repainted.

Sept. 19. Mr. Bass cuts his finger on the buzz-saw and Mr. Yule drops a piece of hot iron in his shoe.

Sept. 23. First service in the auditorium. 9B's initiated.

Sept. 26. Walter Eckhouse subscribes for the Youth's Companion. She turns out to be six feet long and weighs 394 pounds. Walter cancels his subscription and loses all faith in womankind.

Sept. 30. Foot-ball team falls down on Butler College team. Score: M. T. H. S., 20; Butler, 0.

Oct. 7. N. Indianapolis foot-ball team whipped and carried home. Score: M. T. H. S., 20; N. I., 0.

Oct. 9. Anton Vonnegut starts to study but loses weight.

Oct. 10. Vonnegut, having consulted Himself, M. D., is informed that he must quit studying.

Oct. 11. He quits. Franklin College wiped up at foot-ball. Score: M. T. H. S., 5; F. C., 0.

Oct. 29. Foot-ball team plays at Louisville, Ky. After playing a while they quit. Score: Indianapolis M. T. H. S., 0; Louisville M. T. H. S., 0.

Nov. 4. Leland Lowe buys a marriage license at cut rates at the rummage sale. As he can not find anyone to help him use it he files it away for future reference.

Nov. 11. Senior entertainment. Visitors fleeced to the extent of \$167.56. Indianapolis High School foot-ball team broiled on the gridiron. Score: M. T. H. S., 11; I. H. S., 0.

Nov. 20. Turkeys rise four cents per pound. Some of them keep on rising to the tops of the orchard trees away above market price. A poor man or any other can't touch them.

Nov. 23. Foot-ball team whipped the Champaign, Ill., team and won the championship of Illinois as well as Indiana.

Nov. 24. No school, no news, no nothing.

Dec. 3. Boy in book-keeping found with his accounts short. Mr. Thisselle, with the co-operation of the Civil Government classes, intends to hold a trial and sentence the offender to keep the waste-baskets clean in the book-keeping room.

Dec. 4. Boy finds his mistake and straightens his accounts. He is suspended by Mr. Thisselle.

Dec. 18. Lessons improve. Teachers jubilant.

Dec. 23. Vacation begins. Poor skating. Mr. Hall gets his hair cut on the sly. Thinks it will grow in before school commences and no one will know it.

Dec. 26. Alumni reception. Dancing, etc., etc.

Jan. 2. School resumes with lessons as poor as usual. Mr. Hall's hair-cut is detected and he is reduced from favor until it sprouts again.

Jan. 3. Walter Eckhouse renews his subscription for the Youth's Companion. Result worse than ever.

Jan. 10. Mary Conner gets lost in the top of the building. She finally finds her way to the top of the south tower and is rescued by the extension ladder of the fire department.

Jan. 26. End of the first term. The teachers get even with the students for their poor work.

Feb. 2. Seniors work hard at decorating for the reception. Will Scott went skating and didn't help. Consequently got jumped on.

Feb. 3. Morning—Seniors still working. Afternoon—Reception, great success. Evening—Cleaning up. Foot races in the corridors and feed on left-over punch and cake.

Feb. 4—April 2. Seniors preparing for the Carnival. Getting up steam.

April 1. April fool.

April 2—7. Spring vacation and a great many alarming cases of spring fever.

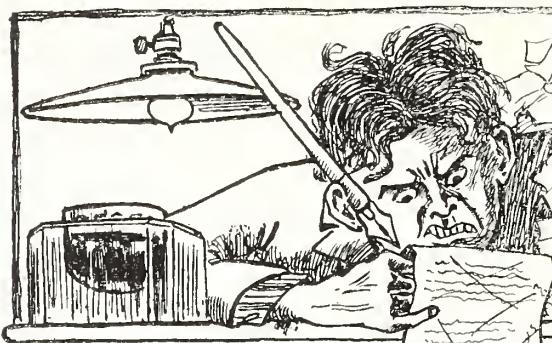
April 3. Carnival. Crowds skinned out of \$466.05 Mandolin Club, in trying to escape the crowd in the auditorium, drops through the stage trap-door and gets lost in the basement. Frank Cline comes with a lantern and rescues them from the rats.

April 4, 5, 6, 7. Cleaning up after the Carnival. That's enough said.

April 30. Day of disappointments. Second advance reports come out. One boy got "B" in Themes II and nearly had a fit.



IN THE HARBOR—NEW YORK CITY.



TO THE EDITOR
THE EDITOR'S WEAPONS ARE PEN
AND SHEARS;
OH, DREADFUL WEAPONS THEY BE!
THE TERRIBLE EDITOR SITS AT
HIS DESK
AND THE CHOICE ST OF PROOF
SPOILS HE.

THERE'S A SLASH FROM HIS PEN
AND A WHACK FROM HIS SHEARS;
A POET OR ARTIST IS KILLED!
BUT, THE EDITOR'S HEART IS MADE
OF STONE,
HIS BLOOD HAS ALREADY BEEN
CHILLED.

OH-YE EDITOR, CRUEL YE BE;
WORSE THAN TEACHERS, YOU BET!
BUT THE EDITOR'S HEART IS A
BIG, BIG STONE,
HIS DEEDS ARE AS BLACK AS
JET.

THIS, THE EDITOR GETS EV'RY DAY;
A REGULAR CRY IT IS,
BUT HE LEARNS BEFORE LONG
THAT THIS FIERCE SONG
IS ONLY A PART OF THE "BIZ".

A.J. MAC CORKLE

ORGANIZATIONS — AND — • • • CLUBS •

*Not too bold, but never meek,
We're the class that is unique.
Ha, ha, ha, sis boom ba,
June Class naughty naught, ra, ra, ra.*

YELL OF JUNE CLASS. '00.



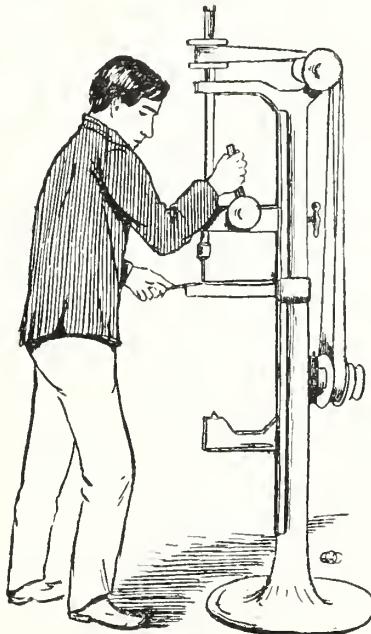
THE JANUARY CLASS OF 1900.

An open book lies before me. It is the "Minutes" of the Class of January, 1900. How clearly I see familiar faces and hear friendly voices as I scan the roll of names.

A faded white rose and a wisp of fern (our class emblem), that have lain long between the pages, crumble at my touch. The ghosts of the hay-ride and the party (the one that never took place) rise before me. The motto—"A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute"—so easy to select, so hard to live up to. And our colors. Did you ever imagine there were so many shades of green and gold, till you were on the committee to select them? Then there was the concert and the resulting \$167.43 in our treasury. No need of a reminder of Class Day. It took some members of the cast almost two days to remove the rouge and mustaches used in Mr. Crane's comedy "A Practical Joke."

I close the book. We are 12A's no longer. Our pictures, very solemn, very proper, hang in the corridor. A bronze "Washington," our offering to the school, will soon keep them company. May the gift not out-last the memory of the givers.

ANDREW T. WYLIE, Jan., 1900.



THE JUNE CLASS, 1900

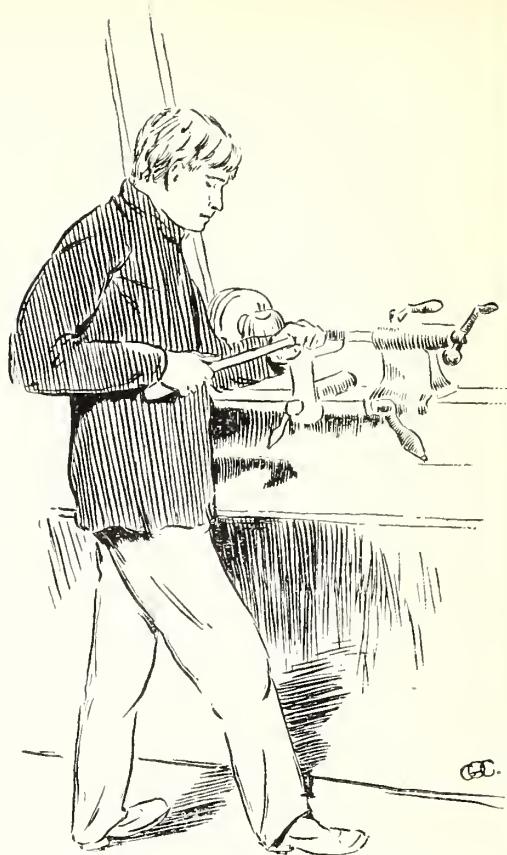
The sky was dark on the day on which the June Class, '00, was organized. We are at a loss to explain this phenomenon, but supposed that the sun was eclipsed by this brilliant collection of intellectual lights.

Our Junior year was spent in trimming our lamps of wisdom and getting an edge on our ax of authority. Social functions were interspersed when the opportunity offered, but between trimming the lamps and grinding the ax little time was left for dissipation. In quick succession the Largo Club, the Literary Club and the ever-famous Hobo Club were organized. The Largo is a girls' club, which held meetings once a week. Their meetings are now in secret, their object being the promotion of brotherly (?) love among its members. The Literary Club was formed as a nerve-bracer for the boys, to encourage them in accompanying the girls to and from the meetings. Its success has been plainly apparent. The Hobo Club is so well known that little need be said concerning it. The untiring industry of its members in doing nothing has been a source of amazement to the crowds

of its admiring friends. In its haymow rendezvous, athletes, newsboys, musicians, farmers, poets, tramps, artists and an ex-butcher have congregated and killed time.

The class's ingenuity will again be displayed in opening a channel through which to dispense with their riches (nearly five hundred dollars), which they reaped at the Carnival. This Carnival was without a doubt the greatest event in the history of the school, the large crowd (two thousand people) fully attesting to this fact. The class well deserves all the praise it has received for its excellent management.

While the abilities of the class have been marked along literary lines, its energies are by no means confined to this field. It has been the controlling element of athletics for two years, in foot-ball, base-ball and track athletics. It is well represented in the Orchestra, the Mandolin Club, the Forum and the Senate. When the



name of the school was changed from Industrial Training School to Manual Training High School, the old school pins were put out of date, and the school was left without any definite mark to distinguish it. This was remedied by the new school pins, which were obtained wholly through this class's efforts, and which we leave as a memento of our devotion to the M. T. H. S.

WILL SCOTT AND FRANK CLINE, June, 1900.

THE JANUARY CLASS OF 1901

The January Class of 1901 may not be remarkably brilliant, but it has made itself felt and recognized in the school. The class organization in the first half of the Junior year put an end to the lack of interest in one another, and established a firm bond among its members. It was not until the last half of the year, however, that other work was attempted.

The new interest in one another gave rise to many clubs among congenial members of the class. These clubs were largely for the immediate benefit of the class or school, though a few existed simply for sociability. The Literary and Pow-Wow clubs stand pre-eminent in the good these organizations have done.

Among the members of this class appeared champions for the school athletics. The names of Vonnegut and Coval have become well known throughout the state, the first as the champion all-round man of the Indiana Interscholastic Athletic Association, the second as a bicycle rider of no small renown.

In the last half of the Junior year the Mirror Stock Company was organized among the pupils of the class, and, although modesty is one of their chief characteristics, they can not be unconscious of the good the paper has done the school.

LELAND LOWE, January, 1901.

CHRONICLES OF CLASS OF JUNE, 1901

And it came to pass after the first two years were expired, at the time when classes are accustomed to organize, that the people were called together to form the Class of June, 1901. And they took possession of Room 9, wherein they might sojourn for the space of several months. And in the beginning, according to the voice of the people, the crown was set upon the head of Louis, of the house of Umphrey. And second in the kingdom was the



fair Alice, who was beautiful to look upon and very Good. And Grace, the daughter of one even as Nimrod, did keep the records of the law and proceedings, and John, of the mighty race of Holliday, sat over against the treasury. And there were those who formed the law and laid it before the people.

And these did reign for the space of three months, until the lawful end of their rule. Then the crown was set upon the head of John Hotz, the foot-ballite, a mighty man and well favored. And Mamie, a maiden who, though dark, was nevertheless White, stood next in the kingdom; Olive, a maid of the house of Staples, being chief scribe, and William, of the tribe of Bridges, being the treasurer. And in those days there were proclaimed great feasts and a journey into a far country, even to the city of Greenwood. And in order that they might benefit their own people, and also those around about them, they did organize a club for debating, and they called it Forum; and also a great choir, and they invited all the people round about them, both male and female. And the people chose old rose and pale green as the colors of their banners and the white carnation to represent their class in the future in the land of the Alumni.

And again they chose a motto, which should be as a watchword, and the words thereof were these: "He conquers who endures." And the people, remembering what they had done, said it is well.

GRACE HUNTER, June, 1901.

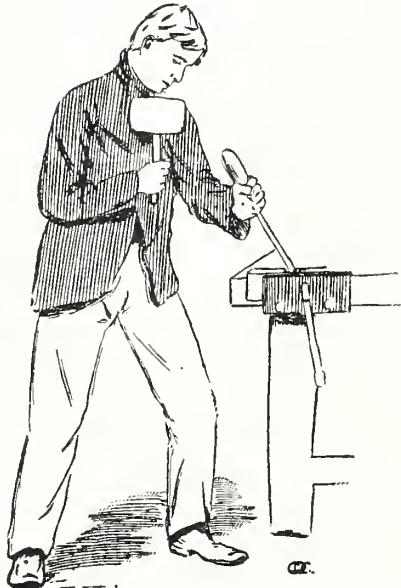
CLASS JANUARY, 1902

The Class of January, 1902, has followed the example of its predecessors and organized itself in the 11B grade. Our principal business just now is settling down into one harmonious whole. We have exceptionally strong material and plenty of it. It has, of course, been impossible, in the few weeks of our class existence, to do much work as a class. Nevertheless, some of our members were responsible for the successful reorganization of the M. T. H. S. Senate. We are going to keep it up, and we feel assured that we have started on a career which will be a source of profit, both to ourselves and to the school.

THOMAS SHEERIN, January, 1902.

THE MIRROR

Last October saw the January Class of 1901 greatly interested in its room paper, published bi-weekly in manuscript form. The paper was a success and improved with every issue. But who was reaping its benefits? Only the few in Room G, while the rest of the thousand students labored individually without knowledge of nor regard for what went on about them. There was then a lack of united interest, or school spirit, as we call it. How could it be otherwise in such a large building, with so many departments? No one could be interested in all the divisions, beneficial clubs and societies. So it was the very magnitude of the institution that caused its weakness—its lack of spirit.



These conditions had been noticed on a smaller scale in Room G, but had been remedied by a little paper. This suggested a means of improving the condition of the school. Consequently a stock company was organized to support a paper, to be published semi-monthly in the interest of the M. T. H. S.

None of the 1901's had ever been connected with former publications, and the prophesies of failure from older students and teachers were enough to discourage the new editors before the first issue of *The Mirror* appeared. The greatest difficulties were caused by our full-day sessions. It was almost impossible during school hours to collect news and urge students to write, and after school the editors were busy with home studies. However, the enthusiasm caused by the novelty of the work, together with the editors' knowledge of the great necessity of a paper, inspired them to work and enabled their publication to meet with success. The steady and constant improvement of the paper awakened other students' interest in it, who constantly brought in more material and increased the subscription list.

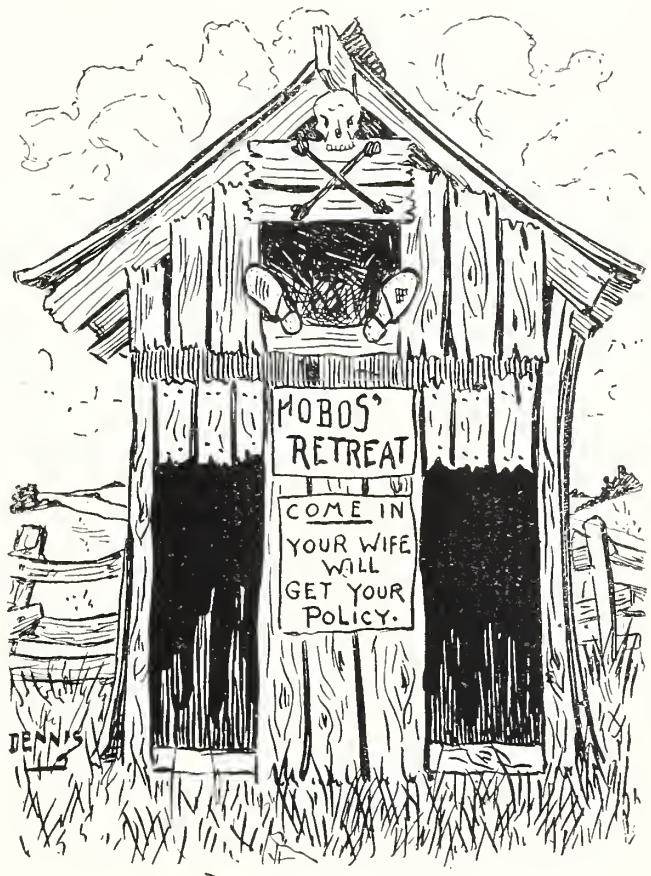
Notwithstanding that it was the lowest priced paper of its size ever published in this school, *The Mirror* was a financial success and accomplished its purpose. *The Mirror* has been the means of letting every student know what was going on in the school in way of class enterprises, club work and athletics. Consequently this term has been marked by the organization of many new societies, as the Forum, Chorus and Senate. And may not *The Mirror* claim some credit for the success of the Spring Carnival?

ANTON VONNEGUT, January, 1901.

THE HOBO CLUB AT THE CARNIVAL

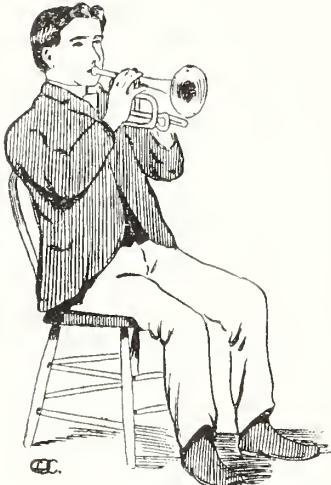
The Hobo Club, strictly adhering to the principles of their order, had done nothing for nearly a year when they were stirred into action by the Carnival given by their class. Two of the members, with a great deal of hard work, put up the Hobo's Retreat. It was profusely decorated with a hot-air machine, a genuine skull, and several attractive signs. From the hay-loft door two feet protruded, and a jug could be dimly seen nestled in the hay. Your imagination can picture the rest.

The inside was occupied by Scott, Cline and a goat. This goat, and the electric shocks that several people got while drinking the lemonade, were the chief sources of terror to the girls. It took a great deal of coaxing to persuade them to go inside, and those that went in several times to show their nerve always looked behind them as they went out.



Late in the evening when the crowds had thinned out, the two Hoboes, in their conventional costumes and carrying a pair of lanterns, ventured into the library, where the dancing was going on. They assisted the auctioneers in disposing of what remained in the art booth, and danced with the girls that could muster up courage to approach them.

WILL SCOTT, June, 1900.



THE ORCHESTRA

The leading musical association of our school is the orchestra. Under Mr. Emmerich's direction it has grown in numbers and capability until it is the pride of the school. From an humble beginning of eight members, and a limited repertory of the easiest music, it has developed into a complete and able orchestra of twenty-six pieces. The music has been judiciously chosen, so that the taste of the listeners has developed along with the ability of the performers. At first the simplest of music was played. Next came selections from the lighter comic operas and the popular music of the day. Now on each second week the audience of students is entertained with the best of classics, including standard works of great composers. Wagner himself has no terrors for our progressive body of young musicians.

EARL HUNT, January, 1901.

THE SENATE

To inspire dignity in the Juniors and Seniors, and to develop future Beveridges is the purpose of the M. T. H. S. senate. Although started rather late in the year, the rapid progress made has now placed this most estimable body on an equal footing with the other large legislative assemblies of the world. Under the efficient president, Senator Martin (Will Scott), who is aided by the secretary, Senator Daniel (W. Eckhouse), the clerks, Senator Rawlins (E. Gaston), and the doorkeeper, Senator Jones (J. Gelman), we expect to soon regulate the existing evils of this country and make it a model and perfect type of the "Republic."

SILVANUS KINGSLEY, January, 1901.

THE MANDOLIN CLUB

The mandolin and guitar club was organized early last term by some of our former players, and Mr. Campbell was voted director. He is a new member of the faculty this year and proved to be an excellent leader. Herbert McDade was elected manager and Clair Peck treasurer. Within the first month there were twenty-two members — fifteen mandolins, five guitars, a flute and a 'cello.

While it was difficult to select and supply the call for new music, after a few weeks of steady practice it was accomplished. The club is not only in demand in the auditorium, but in the session rooms, at entertainments, class plays and debates. They furnished music for the Carnival, at Butler College for a preliminary debate, and at the DePauw vs. Butler debate. The boys have given Mr. Campbell good support and the season has been successful in every way. The outlook for next year is still brighter, and the club hopes to make short trips over the state.

CLAIR PECK, January, 1900.

THE FORUM CLUB

Believing that one of the greatest needs of the average high-school pupil is practice in public speaking, some of the June Class, '01, organized a debating society called the Forum. This club meets every Monday evening and holds primary debates. The persons receiving a certain percentage in the primary debates are placed on the roll of honor, and from them the speakers are chosen for the final debate held at every fourth meeting. From the mechanical workings of the society a good knowledge of parliamentary law is obtained, and all the members say that time in the Forum Club is well spent.

SILVANUS KINGSLEY, January, 1901.

LITERARY CLUB, JUNE, 1900

Those who organized this society, early last year, desired a course of reading beside that of the regular school assignment. Through the summer the club read Shakespeare's "Tempest," Howell's "Silas Lapham" and some selections from our modern short-story writers. This winter the meetings have been held on Friday nights. The first meeting in each month is open night, and a musical program is usually given, followed by a general good time. Dicken's "Martin Chuzzlewit," Browning's "Saul" and Shakespeare's "King Lear" have been carefully studied and thoroughly enjoyed. The officers are Ralph Young, president; Charles G. Stone, secretary; Grace E. Thompson, critic.

GRACE THOMPSON, June, 1900.

THE '01 LITERARY CLUB

Our English course is as thorough as any high-school affords, but it was not sufficient to satisfy the desire for good literature that possessed some of the January, '01's. Therefore they organized a literary club, with a membership of twenty. Augusta Rentsch is president, Walter Krull vice-president, Nellie Wales secretary, and Silvanus Kingsley critic. Hugo's masterpiece, "Les Miserables," is the work being studied under the leadership of one of our teachers, and all agree that it is not only very interesting, but very beneficial. The ethical and sociological questions that arise in the discussion give excellent subjects for the debates which take place at the first meeting of every month. On the evening of debate the meeting is prolonged and the social side of the members is cultivated. The club expects to continue their meetings during the summer.

SILVANUS KINGSLEY, January, 1901.

M. T. H. S. CHORUS

At the first part of last term a Glee Club of girls was organized, under the leadership of Miss Clippinger. Some good work was accomplished during the term, and the club appeared before the pupils in the auditorium. With the beginning of the new term it was thought by the members of the club that it would be well to organize a chorus. Miss Demree lent her aid, and a mixed chorus of one hundred and fifteen voices, under the leadership of Mr. Rudy, was the result. We are now practicing Curschmann's "Sweet Daisy," and before the end of the term we expect to have completed Rossini's "Charity" and Anom's "Fairy Elfins," and a few songs.

BERTHA SEITZ, June, 1901



THE POW-WOW CLUB

P ALE Face, you who dwell in darkness
 Of the ways and of the doings
 Of any but your own small persons,
 Listen to this bit of history
 And you shall hear how we the Pow-Wows
 Came unto this reservation
 By the rippling, laughing, Pogue's Run.

Upon one day in Room G wigwam
 Twenty braves did get together
 And all at once became great warriors,
 And our totem was the Shanghai.
 Through the moons that fleeted after
 That, the birthday of our nation,
 We have been a force for goodness
 Among the nations of the Pale Face.



We have warred and always conquered
 And others have made war upon us,
 And true, the Great Squaw of the wigwam
 Has more scalps than all the others.

We make only word-tank warfare,
 And 'tis worse than dreadful lyddite.
 Beware you of the fatal "squelch him"
 Yelled by war-like braves at midnight.
 Every moon we meet at night-time,
 Every moon at different wigwam,
 And by the fire of Shanghai Council
 Each is known by name peculiar.
 To a set of real "bad Indians"
 Several times we came in costume
 Too "rich" for daylight observation.

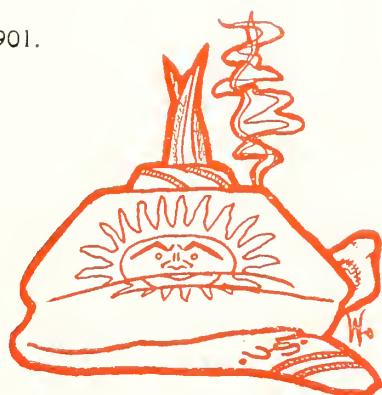


We have visited Mishahaha,
The Great Squaw of Room G wigwam,
And ever since that glad occasion
She was one of Shanghai Council.

We next did ride into the village
Of our rival neighboring tribesmen,
To the Squaw Kee Squijkum Squeezums,
On the trail so-called Bellefontaine,
And smoked the calumet, the peace-pipe.
Last moon's meeting of our Council
Captured several of our neighbors
Who did come in quest of cattle.

The features of our tribe are many—
As to monstrous feet of flagstones,
Statues that are past all reason,
Grins too broad for contemplation,
We can say we have "the limit"
And defy all competition.

OSKI-WOSH-WOW.
HORACE A. MORGAN, January, 1901.



THE GATHERING OF THE BOERS

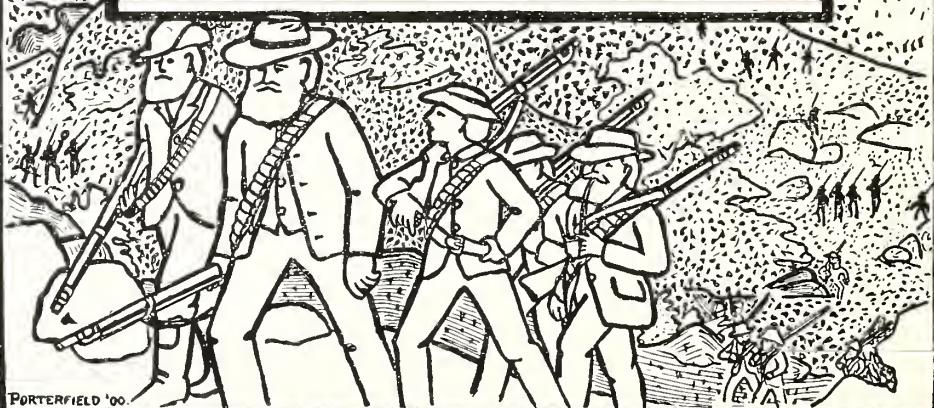
From the hilltop, from the highway,
From the city and the moor,
Comes the tramp and hum of marching.
'Tis the gathering of the Boer.

Rolling, swelling, surging onward,
For the battlefield they head,
Boys of ten and men of eighty,
By the spirit of Freedom led.

They are fighting for their freedom,
These brave Boers from o'er the sea,
For no crown shall dare usurp that
Which their fathers fought to free.

And the world stands by and listens
To the message of defeat,
Hoping soon to hear of victory
O'er proud England's arms and fleet.

A. F. B., January, 1902.



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A. F. B., January, 1902.

CIRCUS MAXIMUS

MAIOR ET MELIOR QUAM UMQAM



GRAND!
LITTERING!
GORGEOUS!
AGGREGATION

SIMULTANEOUS PERFORMANCES

IN 4 RINGS
UNDER ONE STUPENDOUS CANOPY.

2 BANDS 2

UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF
CANTABILE ESPRESSIVO EMMERICO
CRESCENDO DIMINUENDO CAMPBELLO

NUNC OMNES PLAUDITE!!!

COUNTLESS SPECIAL FEATURES
AS STARTLING AS UNIQUE

FOR PARTIAL PROGRAMME OF OUR UNLIMITED ATTRACTIONS
SEE OTHER SIDE

PORTERFIELD & WOOD

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY—AT 8:15 AND 12:15—RAIN OR SHINE
—FROM SEPTEMBER UNTIL JUNE—
ARENA AT MERIDIAN AND MERRILL STS.

GRAND PROGRAM

PART I

PARADE OF SIDE-SHOW FREAKS.

Don Newsom—The man with the colossal head, second largest in the world.

Signor McBohn—The living skeleton.

Professor Stark—The fat man whose merits we leave for the public approval.

Sheik C. Ben Thal—The Arabian alchemist.

Signor Rudy—The Gorgon-headed savage, or the man with the snaky locks.

PART II

ATHLETIC EVENTS ALL NEW AND FIRST CLASS.

Don Basso—Champion shot of Rome. Snaps at everything on sight.

Monsieur Grummanne—Sprint champion, in his great feat of crossing the arena in a hop, step and jump.

Herr Yule—The dumb-bell and sledge-hammer juggler. Iron and steel are as feathers to him in weight.

Signor Van Allen, Herr de Brown—Toreadors in the hair-raising bull fight. Our special feature.

Monsieur Hester, Don Bean—Fire eaters. This diet has had a peculiar effect on the heads of these gentlemen.

D. T. Weir—Lightning corraler and thunder-maker.

Sahib Hall—The Hindoo midget, in his hair-raising tight-rope scene.

PART III

MINSTREL SHOW.

By paying five sestertia extra anyone may stay to see this exhibition.

The following is only a partial list of the many and varied attractions.

Center Man and Leader of String Band—

Crescendo Diminuendo Campbello.

Bones—

McLeod Noyes,
Sambo Covert.

Tambourines—

Don Cox,
Herr Thisselle.

Cox and Covert—The rag-time artists.

Noyes—Buck and wing dancer.

Thisselle—Hoodoo doctor and fortune teller.

THE ALUMNI

It is a surprising and an interesting fact that in the five years' life of the M. T. H. S. it has produced so varied a list of graduates. Through the medium of the Alumni Association we are able to keep track of our graduates, and it would be perhaps interesting to the pupils to know the whereabouts of these alumni. There are at present about sixty teachers, among whom we find teachers of high schools, a critic of the city normal school and several teachers of language in schools out of the state, as well as in.

Fifty students doing good work at various colleges are an additional testimonial to the excellence of the courses of study.

Among those students who have entered business life we are equally well represented. Forty alumni hold positions as clerks in banks, offices and business houses; seven are foremen of departments in large manufacturing establishments, while six are bookkeepers and sixteen stenographers. In public libraries, here and elsewhere, we have four representatives, and here in our school we have ten graduates acting as assistant teachers. In the agricultural and professional lines we are also well represented. In the medical profession we have already several practicing physicians, and one is a surgeon in the United States army, now in the Philippines.

Death has dealt gently with our Alumni, only three, out of two hundred and fifty-six, having died. Of the remainder twenty-three have forsaken single blessedness, but only one of these was of the masculine sex. A remarkable feature of the Alumni is that few are idle; all have found employment, in which they have risen rapidly.

The success that has so far attended the Alumni permits us to hope that in a few years the editors of the ANNUAL may be able to enumerate the most famous men of the day as graduates of the best high school in the country.

On December 27th the Alumni Association held its second annual reunion. It was thought by the officers that at Christmas time all the members would be at home, and that the meeting would be much pleasanter at that time than in June. The meeting was a success in every way. Orval Mehring, February, '97, was the speaker of the evening and captured the audience by his pleasing manner. Lillie Adam, June, '97, sang and was applauded until she was forced to give an encore. Under the leadership of Mr. Campbell the M. T. H. S. Mandolin Club played several selections, which were well received.

A very capable committee had been in charge of the decorations, and the library, room B and the hall of the first floor had been arranged for the occasion. There was dancing in room B, while those who did not care for such amusement congregated in the library, which, like the hall, was arranged with cozy corners. Refreshments were served.

The annual election was held during the evening, with result as given in all the daily papers and the *Mirror*.

Those members in attendance seemed to enjoy themselves very heartily, and all seemed to regard the affair as an unqualified success.



Very shortly after the first of the next school year, we are informed, the executive committee of the Alumni Association will be called together to begin to arrange for the third reunion. As yet the date has not been selected for the reunion, and the committee would be glad if the members would state their preference as to the time for holding the event. The next time you meet a member of the executive committee, tell him whether you would rather have the meeting in December or in June.

As the meeting is at least seven or eight months ahead, nothing definite can be stated as to the program or other arrangements. More room will be provided, as there will doubtless be a larger attendance. There will be plenty of room and good music for those who like dancing, and other amusement for those who do not. The program will be short, as is usual, so that the Alumni may have the chance to renew old acquaintances and form new.

Many pleasant memories will be recalled to the Alumni by a reading of *The Mirror*, which has been published this year by the 12B's. This paper seems to have been very successful in eliminating the weak points of the previous school newspapers and retaining the good features. It is interesting reading even to a graduate, who knows none or, at any rate, very few of the people mentioned. We hope it will be continued next year. Every alumnus should subscribe for *The Mirror* and keep in touch with the present life of the school.

A number of our students have entered newspaper work, but we know of but two who are now engaged in that profession. Hettie Bosley, February, '97, is the society editor of *The Indianapolis News*. Chalmers Hadley, of High School No. 2, is with a Philadelphia newspaper, but will shortly enter the University of Pennsylvania, while Bessie Blees, also of High School No. 2, who is now teaching in the Muncie high school, will shortly take a position on the staff of a Muncie newspaper. A novel by Miss Blees is now being published. Gertrude Ewbank, another High School No. 2 girl, is teaching Latin and history in the high school at Tipton.

A large part of the Alumni, who have been fortunate enough to go to college, have entered Indiana institutions, and nearly every college in Indiana has at least one familiar name in the rolls, while several have colonies of them. At the same time a larger percentage of the graduates than ever is going to outside colleges, and some of them are now at the following: Harvard University, University of Chicago, Ann Arbor, Kenyon College, University of Wisconsin, Heidelberg (Germany), Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Columbia University and California State Normal School.

Two orators of some note have so far been produced by the school—Carl Klass, June, '97, who represented Wabash College in the last oratorical contest, and Orval Mehring, February, '97, one of the successful Butler team in the joint debate between that college and DePauw University.

About twenty per cent. of the teachers in the Indianapolis public schools are members of our alumni association. This is a good record for a five-year-old school.

Four of our graduates are now singing in city churches—Agnes Herd at the First Baptist, Lilly Adam at Meridian Street M. E., and Elma Igelman and Edith Conner at the Third Presbyterian.

Annapolis Naval Academy sends home the usual good report of Wm. H. Steinhagen, February, '97, who is now in the third year at that institution.

Possibly very few of the pupils now in school know that the red and white of the school colors are those originally adopted by the class of June, 1896.

Dr. Harry Moore, who is well known to most of the older alumni, is now on the firing line in the Philippines, having received a commission as 1st lieutenant and assistant surgeon with the Third United States Cavalry.

Our school is represented in Paris this year by Nannie E. Davis, February, '94, who arrived in that city the middle of March for a six months' visit. She was sent as a delegate by the Y. W. C. T. Society of Louisville, Ky.

Chas. Dyer, of the June, '98, class, and also of Butler, has gone to Paris. He expects to work his way there and back.

Chas. Seitz has finished his work for his B. A. at Indiana University, and is now working for his M. A.

John Dyer is in settlement work in Chicago.

Delos Alig is in the law department at Ann Arbor.

Wilford Sands, of June, '99, is employed as a bank clerk in the treasurer's office in the National Cash Register Company, Dayton, Ohio.



IN THE COOKING LABORATORY.

Question. "What is the composition of the potato?"

Answer. "Potatoes contain a large amount of water, a small quantity each of protein, fat and mineral matter and some celluloid (cellulose)."

IN THE GEOLOGY CLASS.

"Charles, what is just above the zone of flow?"

Bright Boy. "The zone of overflow."

Teacher. "What is the meaning of 'Gross-mutter'?"

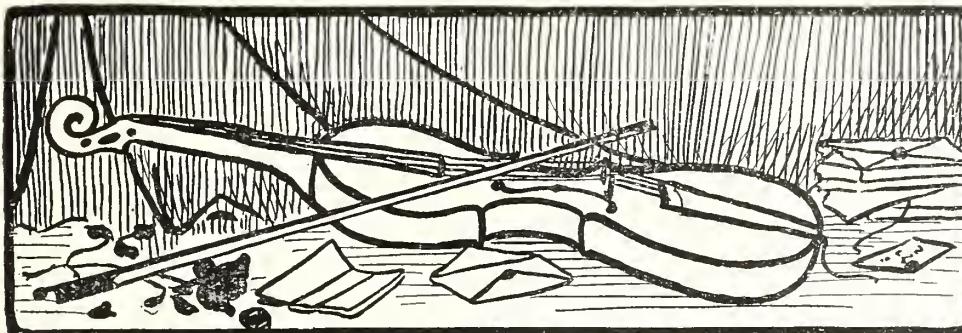
Pupil. "Twelve dozen mothers."

Irene Moses (translating Chaucer). "Hise eyen steppe and rollyng in his heed."
"He had an even step and rolled on his head."

"He was not pale as a forpyned goost." "He was not so pale as a tortured goose."

Mr. Weir (talking about vibrations in his physics class). "Sixteen will affect some people while thirty will have no effect on others."

A Pupil (who was paying no attention and had listened to Francis Murphy's temperance lecture the night before). "Sixteen what?"



The OLD VIOLIN_H

On top of a cabinet in Grandma's room is an old violin. Within it is pasted a slip of paper on which is written a German name and the date 1754. In her trunk is a bundle of letters, so stained that they are almost illegible. Grandma guards them very carefully; they are the letters of a great-aunt and tell the story of the violin.

Grandma's aunt Patience was the daughter of an inn-keeper in a small village of Massachusetts. He was a Puritan—a stern, harsh man, prouder of his family honor than of anything else. Patience was his only daughter and the belle of the village. His love for this daughter was the one redeeming trait in his character, but even here his family pride overcame his family love and he vowed that his daughter's husband must be the richest man in the country. The story, however, is more interesting as we gather it from some of these old letters.

The first tells all we know of the arrival of the violin in America, and was written to an aunt in Virginia in June, 1764; near the middle of the letter the following occurs: "Oh yes, I had almost forgotten to tell you the latest gossip of the town. A week ago a certain John Windsor came to our inn, having but lately arrived from England. Since then he has scarcely ventured forth, seeming to have no particular object in coming to the colony. He is a Quaker, and as such refuses to bow to our magistrates and call them 'Your lordship.' Because of this refusal he has called down upon himself the ill-will of these men, and as he refuses to call my father anything but 'friend' he is disliked by my father and all the church wardens. This ill treatment seems to affect him very little, however, for he spends his idle hours in a better way than idly lounging in my father's bar-room. He brought with him a fiddle, and since his arrival all our musicians refuse to play anywhere that John Windsor might hear them. Truly no one ever heard such music as he is able to produce on that violin. He will play for no dancing, not even our Assembly ball. My father says that a man who can do nothing but fiddle had best stay in England, but I feel sorry for the poor stranger whose only friend is his violin. * * *"

The rest of the letter relates to family affairs and the next was written a year later, for mail coaches traveled slowly and postage was expensive in those days:

"June 17, 1765.

"Dear Auntie:

"I am so sad that I must tell my troubles to some one, and as my father would not listen, much less sympathize, I write to you. You remember the John Windsor of whom I wrote a year ago? Today he was driven from the town with ten others who dare to say that King George has a right to tax us if he chooses to do so. My father gave the signal for the attack, and, while I suppose we have been very badly treated, I would have warned these men of their wrong. In his haste John left his violin. In the confusion I took it from the room and have taken it to my room where I will keep it until peace is restored in the village. Most of the other men were worthless fellows whom I do not pity, but John

was surely not guilty of a crime so great as to merit such punishment."

The next is only a note to Windsor, probably in answer to one from him. It is abrupt and shows the great strain under which she was laboring:

"I can not do what you ask. I must obey my father in all things. As for the violin, it is safe. I have kept it close and if you desire it before you think it safe to come to the inn I will bring it to the edge of the north woods tonight. Patience."

There is nothing to show that she went except a page from her diary, written the day after her marriage. It finishes the story of the violin, so far as written history is concerned:

"July 20, 1765. Yesterday I was married to John. Last evening as I was working in the kitchen I heard the low strains of a violin. I listened. The violin was John's; no one could play like that but him. It grew louder, then died into a wail, and I thought that perhaps something had happened. I would go and see. I walked slowly down the path to the spring, and in the dusk I saw the figure of a man upon a horse. I stopped, overcome with fear, but the musician was evidently afraid to come nearer as he beckoned to me with the bow of the violin. As I went closer he sprang from his horse, and when I recovered from my



fright we were flying along the river bank while John told me that he knew I would never come of my own accord. Perhaps not, but an hour later we were married and are now on our way to Virginia to Aunt Prudence."

MABEL G. WALTERS, 1900.

ENTERTAINMENTS BY THE SENIORS



N ENTERTAINMENT was given last November by the January Class of '00 in the auditorium. It consisted of a personification of the characters of "Oliver Twist" by Prof. Truman, and of several selections by the orchestra. The affair was a success beyond a doubt, but the class deserves credit rather for their preparations beforehand than for the good management of the entertainment itself. They had only a short time to prepare for it, but they sold more tickets in their limited time than any class before them. Their net proceeds—one hundred and sixty-eight dollars—was the largest amount that had ever been cleared up to that time. Everyone was pleased with the program, and this no doubt did a great deal toward drawing such a large crowd to the Carnival given by the next class.

The Carnival given by the June Class of '00 was the first entertainment of this kind that had ever been given at the school. Its success was due greatly to the energy and push of the class; but had it not been for the excellent support given by the teachers and the students in general it would have been a failure on account of the heavy expenses. Fred Hohn must be mentioned as the one that did more work than any other member of the class. Being the president of the class the blame of a failure would naturally fall upon him, but he took good care that there should be no failure, and sold more tickets than any one else. The *Mirror* must not be forgotten in speaking of our supporters, for they issued a special Carnival number and donated one hundred copies to be sold for our benefit.

The whole first floor was decorated in red and white. In one corner of the auditorium, which was decorated with several large flags, was the flower booth, in charge of Joe Miner. The art booth in the library, south hall, were in charge of freshments in the assembly in the dancing rooms, were The check rooms, until they modate any more wraps, Schmidt and John Roberts. house and Charlie Stone where at once to keep order did not become jammed. of the north hall took the Cline and Will Scott to take

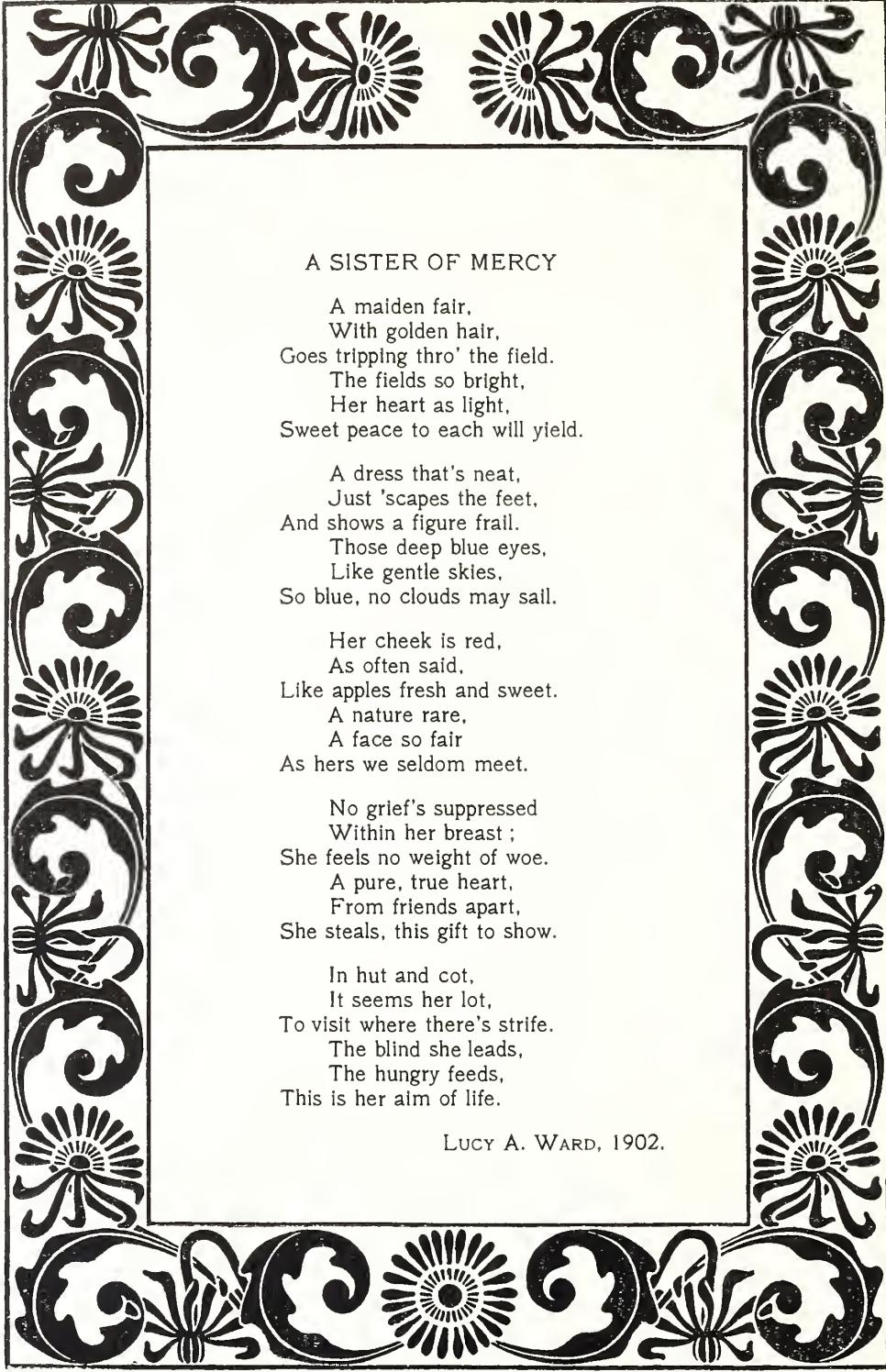
Nearly two thousand visitors cleared about four hundred beats all records and the having made such a high

and the candy booth in the of Lillie Loeper; the re- room, and the punch bowls in charge of Ruth Hann. became too full to accom- were in charge of Lorenz Fred Hohn, Walter Eck- were supposed to be every- and to see that the crowd The Hobo Barn at the end united energies of Frank care of.

itors attended and the class and seventy dollars. This class can well be proud of new record.

WILL SCOTT, 1900.





A SISTER OF MERCY

A maiden fair,
With golden hair,
Goes tripping thro' the field.
The fields so bright,
Her heart as light,
Sweet peace to each will yield.

A dress that's neat,
Just 'scapes the feet,
And shows a figure frail.
Those deep blue eyes,
Like gentle skies.
So blue, no clouds may sail.

Her cheek is red,
As often said,
Like apples fresh and sweet.
A nature rare,
A face so fair
As hers we seldom meet.

No grief's suppressed
Within her breast ;
She feels no weight of woe.
A pure, true heart,
From friends apart,
She steals, this gift to show.

In hut and cot,
It seems her lot,
To visit where there's strife.
The blind she leads,
The hungry feeds,
This is her aim of life.

LUCY A. WARD, 1902.

WILL OF THE JANUARY CLASS OF 1901

MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

MARION COUNTY, SS.:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—Be it known that we, the January Class of 1901, being of sound (?) minds, do hereby affirm and swear to this, our last will and testament.

We leave to—

Prof. C. E. Emmerich—The management of this institution, with all honors and emoluments thereunto pertaining to this office.

Mr. S. C. Newsom—A patent automatic C-theme-marking machine.

Mr. D. T. Weir—\$2,000,000 to be used in establishing a plant which shall bottle thunder and lightning.

Miss Kate Wentz—\$.03000 with which to Higher Algebra.

Mr. P. Covert—One dozen stools at \$2.50, to be used for the benefit of our poor, exhausted (?) boys in machine fitting.

Mr. P. H. Grumann—A step-ladder, to assist him in looking over his glasses.

Mr. W. J. Thisselle—A book of *Æsop's Fables*, from which he may obtain some new jokes.

One dozen bottles of Ayers' Hair Vigor, to be equally distributed among Mr. A. J. Bean and Mr. J. Yule.

Mr. F. O. Hester—"Wanderingwillo," which is a sure cure for perambulations¹ of the mind.

Mr. A. E. Martin—A complete policeman's outfit.

Mr. W. H. Bass—An improved board stretcher.

Mr. W. Otto Rudy—A curling iron.

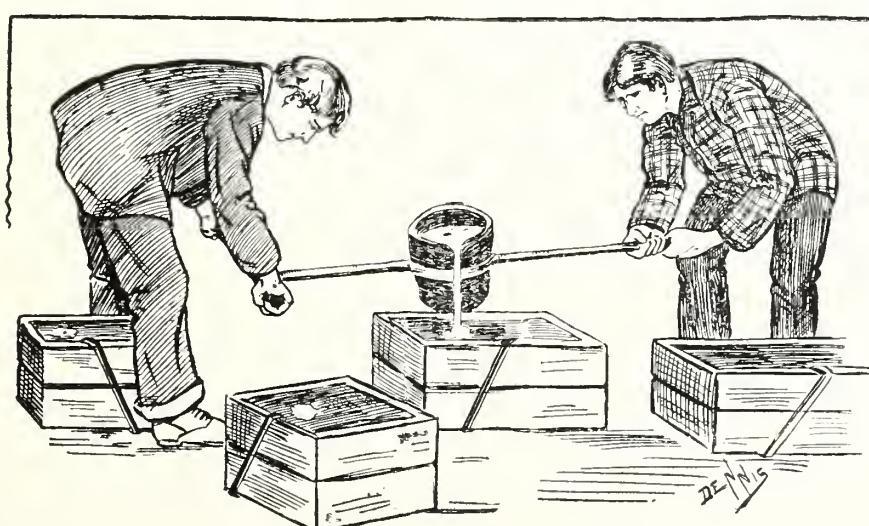
Mr. W. H. Bass—A left-handed monkey-wrench.

Miss K. A. Thompson—The right to vote and a seat in the United States Senate.

Miss V. Demree—"A home on the Hudson and a team of grays."

Mrs. H. C. Rhetts—The valuable original manuscript of the famous historical review of the World-renowned Class of January, 1901.

We leave the School—Our regrets.





Praise we him who fought in battles
 For the flag he loved so well.
 Lived but for it, fought but for it,
 And then, like a hero, fell.

MABEL G. WALTERS, 1900.

JUNE'S JOLLY JUNIORS



THE June Class of 1901, not satisfied with two good things in one week (the Carnival and the Spring vacation), sought to add a third. This was by means of a Class party, which was held on the evening of April 4, at the home of John Holliday, 1121 North Meridian Street. Partners were chosen by lot to the satisfaction of all. On the appointed evening thirty-five members of the Class were present, each wearing two yards of ribbon and a smile of equal length. The parlor and library, in which the popular games were played by those who did not participate in the dancing, were tastefully decorated in the national, school and class colors. Two rooms were assigned to dancing, which was the principal amusement of the evening. The President's thoughtfulness in procuring cream in the Class colors, old rose and pale green, was greatly appreciated by all.

GRACE HUNTER, 1901.

MY LAST EFFORT

WITH a sighing and a crying,
And a wish that I were dying,
I tried to write a poem, but it seemed no use a-trying.

For the clock was striking four,
I could scarce see any more—
I heard a stealthy footstep, then a rapping at the door.

With a hurry and a scurry,
And a great amount of worry,
I threw aside my jottings, and I sprang up in a fury.

“ Who has dared molest me here ? ”
Then I turned with sudden fear,
A sound of hollow groaning from behind me caught my ear.

For a moment all was still,
Then the moans continued, till
That awful state of terror nigh bereft me of my will.

Wrapped in an unearthly glow,
Moving softly as the snow,
Before me slowly passed the shade of Edgar Allan Poe.

How my heart did sink with terror !
How I watched with growing horror !
The shade took up my writings, read them through and then
stepped nearer.

“ O, the longing, and the craving,
Of a mortal who is paving
Her own way to a mad-house, by her sentimental raving.

“ Pray destroy this silly trash !
In the future be less rash,
For such a poet’s castles always fall down with a crash.”

Thus he spake, and I did shiver,
As I saw him slightly quiver,
And vanish through the doorway, like a shadow in a river.

Then I sank upon a chair,
And assumed a tragic air ;
I took my pen and looked about—the poem still was there.

M. H. A., 1902.

SCHOOL YELLS



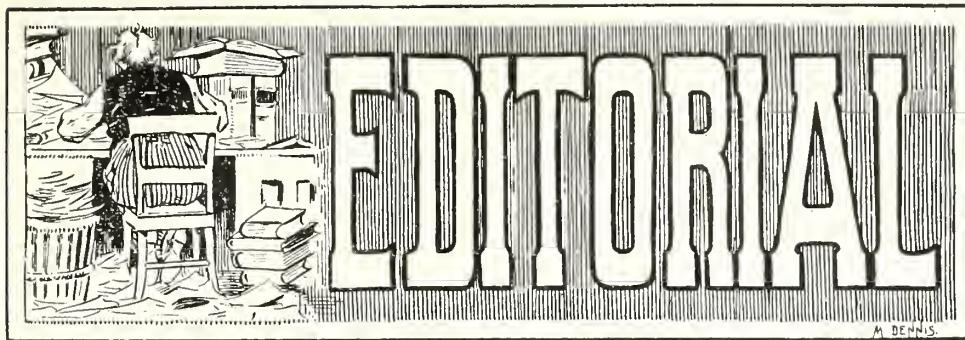
Boys in white, boys in red,
We're the boys that come ahead.

Whistle, ——, ——. Boom
Training School.

Boom-a-lack-a, Boom-a-lack-a,
Bow-wow-wow;
Chick-a-lack-a, Chick-a-lack-a,
Chow-chow-chow.
Boom-a-lack-a, Chick-a-lack-a,
Who are we ?
We're from the Training School,
Holy Gee.

Red and White ! Red and White !
M. T. S. is out of sight.
Kill the best, buy the rest,
Finest High School in the West.

Rah, rah, rah ! Sis, boom, bah !
Training School, Training School,
Ha, ha, ha.



Owing to the success of last year's ANNUAL, we have decided to follow in a large measure the plan then adopted. A larger space and greater importance than usual have been given to the purely artistic and literary work of the pupils than even last year. This feature was commented upon and received so favorably then, that it seems wise to take the hint and give our friends and patrons what they want. Care has been taken, however, that this book shall not be a mere imitation. While similar in scope and substance to that of last year, nevertheless we have made changes which we think improvements. In general, we have endeavored to exclude all bookish and abstract discussions, and have given preference to articles that seemed interesting, rather than those on deep subjects. Whether we have succeeded in making this book worthy of our school, we leave to the judgment of our friends.

Year after year since its beginning the efficiency of the Manual Training High School has increased. The education of brain and hand afforded in this school is a practical equipment for the battle of life, and fully approves the wisdom of those who founded it in the capital city of Indiana. The business men of Indianapolis know what this school is accomplishing, and give encouragement to its work. It has happened time and again that the fact that a young man graduated from this school proved the "open sesame" to employment. The pupil who takes up the manual training course does not have to follow in that line as a trade, but, no matter what pursuit he follows, will always feel more self-reliant and capable in his knowledge of the use of tools. The reputation of the Manual Training High School has gone abroad, and other schools, after inquiring into our methods of work, and recognizing the value of a course in manual training, are preparing to introduce it.

With the exception of the half-tones of the graduating classes, the illustrations in the ANNUAL are the work of the pupils of the Art department of the school. While we do not feel that the pupils of that department are becoming a large corps of working artists, we do feel that many are gaining that at which the school aims—originality and deft fingers. Under the instruction of Mr. Stark and Miss West the work is steadily improving, and a higher standard is being constantly set before us. If none of the pupils become famous in after years, the influence exerted by the growth of the artistic temperament can not help but be felt in the community.

THE VALEDICTORY OF THE CLASS OF JUNE, 1899

Shakespeare has enriched the English language with a thousand beautiful verses ; but there is one which touches the heart, and fills it at once with weakness and with strength : "All the world is a stage, where every man must play a part." We have played a part, the part of school children for the last twelve years. The first eight have grown dim in the immediate light of the last four ; it is in these that we find the associations and influences that have drawn us so closely together, and have made us so well acquainted with each other. Now arises a feeling of genuine sadness, because these ties must be abruptly broken by separation.

Four years ago we trembled when we entered the Manual Training High School. Then, too, we were compelled to leave a past to which we had become bound with childhood's friendships. Then, too, we were forced to depart from a safe and quiet course, and enter a broader and vaster field that intimidated us with its uncertainty. We were all equal then, and all of us were weak. But each one was eager to follow and master that line of work for which he was suited. Cheerfully-given help lightened our struggles, while kind words and deeds soon made life in our new school far dearer than the sweet past which we had left.

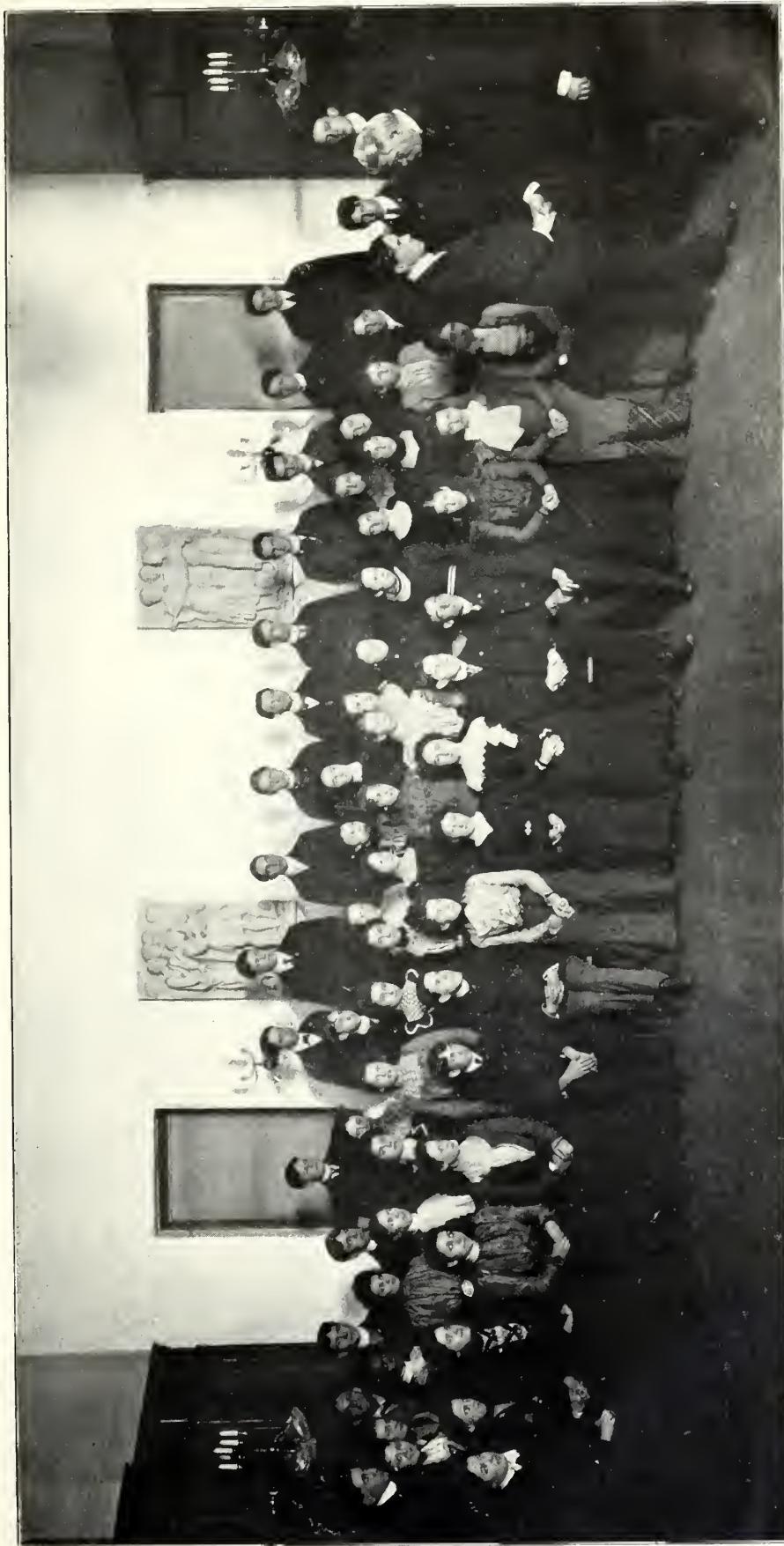
Tonight we again are all equal. We have labored with mathematics, and we have been rewarded with accuracy ; we have studied the sciences, and we now have the practical part of education, that has in a way prepared us for the unpoetical education of the world ; we have struggled with the classical languages, and we have been endowed with a lasting culture and patience. Every poem and story that we have analyzed, every blow of the hammer that we have struck, every line of the pencil and the pen that we have traced, has prepared us to meet and to struggle with the problems of life that will now confront us. But we know how weak we really are, when we think of the power of the rugged, practical world ; when we picture the hosts of struggling people who finally meet with defeat.

We are, tonight, entering a far vaster school—the school of life ; so different in its way of teaching, so uncertain, so fickle, and so difficult. We appreciate only too well that the kind words of our past may now be replaced by deceitful phrases, and that the gentle smile may give way to the sneering laugh.

How we cling to the past ! How we love our school ! Every wall is chiseled with some memory picture. As we go from room to room, we can again hear the interesting story, and recall the pranks that we have played on each other. We can see the determined and familiar faces of the members of our debating and literary clubs. We again hear the gracious words, and witness the little deeds of kindness—great mementoes, by which we shall always remember each other.

How strange it seems now that we should have labored, tested every nerve to its utmost, exerted every energy to gain a seat upon this stage tonight. How we labored ! and now, how we regret that that which we have striven for has come.

How good ! How gentle ! has everyone been to us. We thank you, Mr. Emmerich, for your kindness. You have spared neither time nor pains to make our school-life as interesting and pleasant as possible. We thank you for the agreeable surprises that you have often planned for us, and for the pleasant meetings that we have had in the audito-



JANUARY AND JUNE CLASSES, 1900

GOOD-BYE!

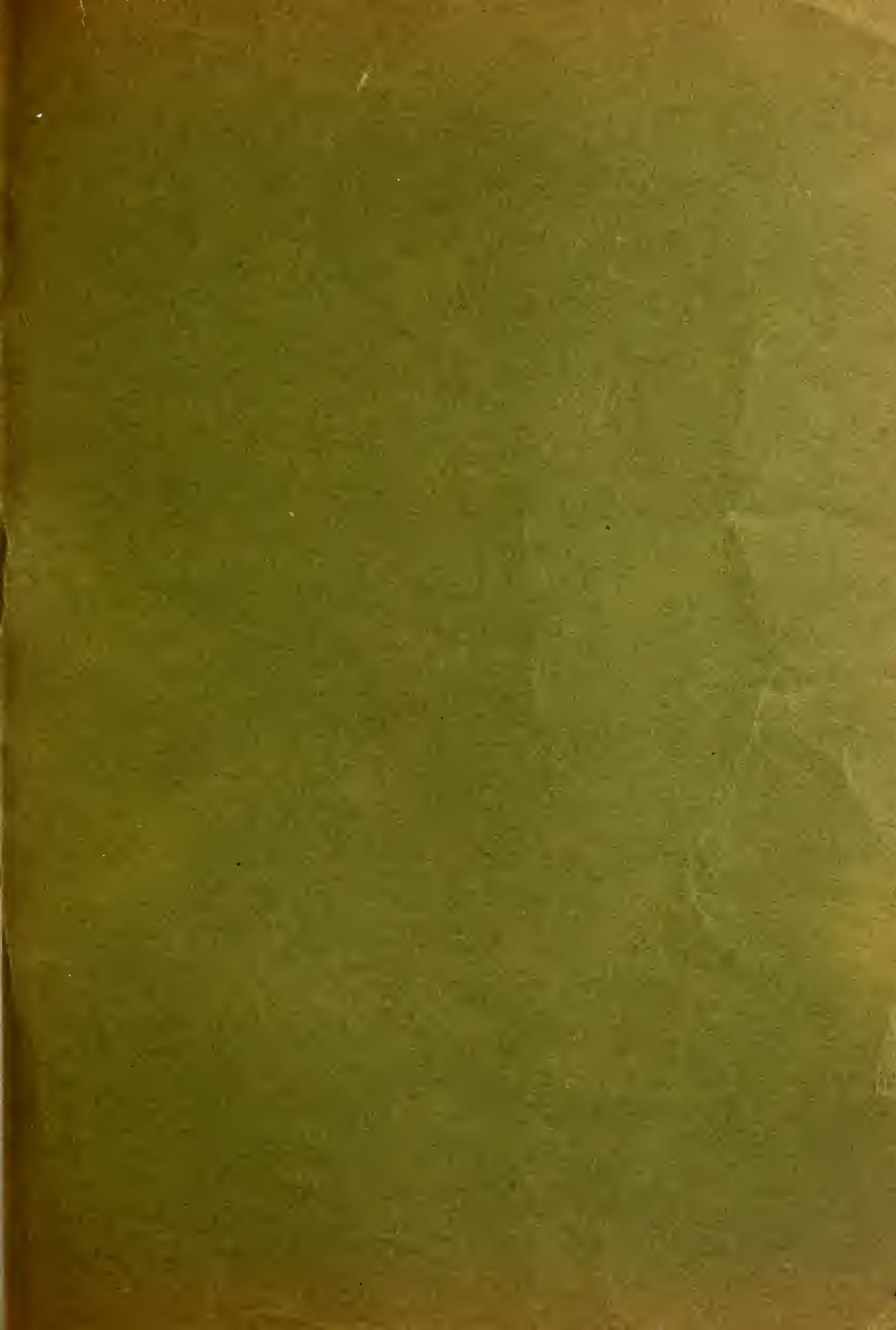
rium. You have made our school one sweet home-life; and as we depart from our "school-home," and from your paternal care, we feel just as one does when he bids his old home farewell forever. We thank you for your kind advice, that has bound us together with a deep feeling for each other. We thank you and we honor you. We thank our teachers for their willingness to help us, for their efforts to make our school-life as interesting as possible, consistent with thorough work; we thank them for their patience and for the sincere interest they have taken in our progress from year to year.

We are grateful to our parents for the opportunity and privilege of going to such a school as the Manual Training High School. Every gentle word and friendly deed of the past comes before us now, and is made dearer and brighter because we are no longer to be members of a happy circle of classmates and teachers.

Thankful to all for the past, hopeful for the future, anxious in the face of duties that time will surely bring, yet firmly resolving each to do his best, we bid you all good-bye. . .

Louis Borinstein.





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